

# The Sketch.

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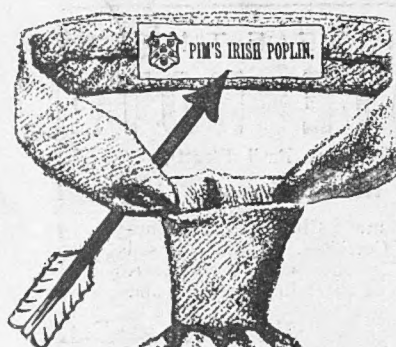
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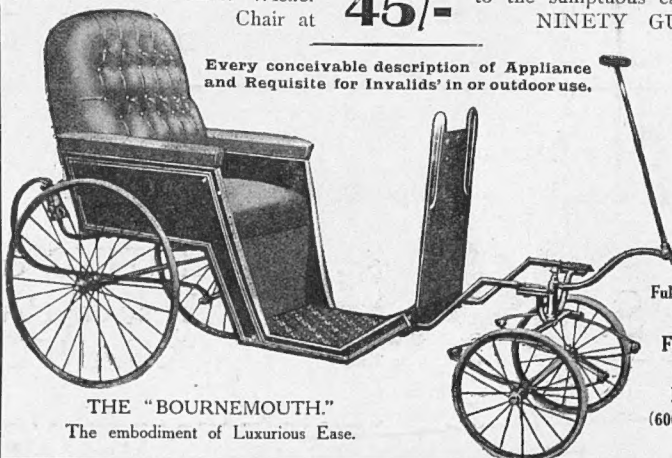
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# The Sketch

No. 965. — Vol. LXXV.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 26, 1911.

SIXPENCE.

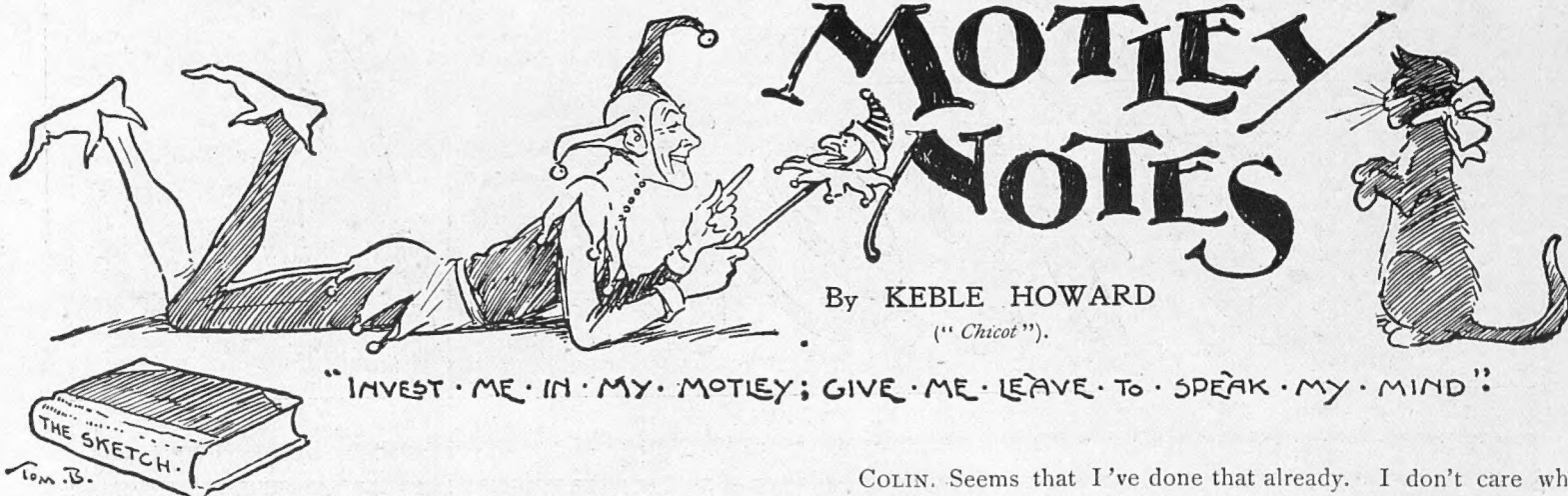


THE GREEN-EYED MONSTER À LA JAPONAISE: A WARNING TO JEALOUS WIVES IN JAPAN.

Masks like this, we are told, may be seen in some Japanese homes as a warning to wives not to be jealous. It is intended, possibly, to represent the kind of freak into which they might be turned if they gave way too much to the evil influence of the green-eyed monster. The mask is that of Hannya, and is used in one of the Japanese operatic performances called "Nô"—namely, that of Kiyohimé, where it is employed for a jealous woman.

*Photograph by W. Henry.*





AND HE NEVER KNEW HOW IT HAPPENED.

CHLOE. Good-night.

COLIN. Must you go in so soon?

CHLOE. I needn't unless I like, of course, but I want to.

COLIN. Oh, well, of course, in that case—

CHLOE. Good-night.

COLIN. Good-night. All the same, I think it's rather rotten of you.

CHLOE. You've only got yourself to thank.

COLIN. Why have I? I don't know what you mean.

CHLOE. Oh, yes, you do.

COLIN. I don't—really I don't. Why have I only got myself to thank?

CHLOE. Well, seeing how beastly you've been to me all day—

COLIN. I like that! You've been most awfully rotten to me! You wouldn't come on the pier this morning, and you wouldn't—

CHLOE. I never go where I'm not wanted.

COLIN. Oh, that's all rot! I—

CHLOE. Thank you very much. Good-night.

COLIN. No, but hang on a minute! Why should I have asked you to come if I hadn't wanted you to?

CHLOE. Oh, you felt you had to, I suppose.

COLIN. I don't know in the least what you're getting at. I wish you wouldn't go on like this without explaining. It's rather rough on a chap.

CHLOE. Poor boy! Never mind! You know where to go for consolation. Good-night.

COLIN. Where, pray?

CHLOE. Oh, not so very far!

COLIN. I haven't the least idea what you mean.

CHLOE. Think it over. Good-night.

COLIN. Good-night—since you're so determined to quarrel.

CHLOE. Oh, I'm not quarrelling in the least. Pray don't flatter yourself! I only thought you might like to know why I didn't come on the pier.

COLIN. But I don't know now. It's all some rotten mystery! If you think I wanted to go with somebody else—

CHLOE. Think! That's lovely! It must have been evident to everybody.

COLIN. Well, it wasn't evident to me. If I didn't want to go with you, who did I want to go with?

CHLOE. Somebody nicer, I suppose.

COLIN. You know very well there isn't anybody nicer.

CHLOE. Better not let her hear you saying that!

COLIN. I don't care a snap who hears me saying it. Who do you mean, anyway?

CHLOE. The person you were on the pier with this morning, of course.

COLIN. Miss Strutt?

CHLOE. Don't be afraid to call her Aggie. I won't tell anybody.

COLIN. I haven't the least desire to call her Aggie. If you want to know, I detest the girl.

CHLOE. But I don't want to know, thank you. Besides, I don't believe it. If you detest her, why were you so frightfully anxious to take her on the pier?

COLIN. I wasn't frightfully anxious. She asked if she might come, and of course I couldn't say no. Girls don't understand these things.

CHLOE. She hasn't much sense, it's true. Still, I should think she'd have understood that.

COLIN. That isn't what I meant. I meant that you couldn't understand that I couldn't say no when I was asked.

CHLOE. Then the sooner you learn to say no the better. Otherwise, you may land yourself in some serious difficulty.

By KEBLE HOWARD

("Chicot").

COLIN. Seems that I've done that already. I don't care what happens to me now.

CHLOE (*more softly—after a pause*).—I can sympathise with you.

COLIN (*eagerly*).—How d' you mean?

CHLOE. I can sympathise with anyone who can't say no. I find it awfully hard to say no myself—to some people.

COLIN. I'm not one of them.

CHLOE. Are you sure?

COLIN. Perfectly sure. Take this morning, for instance.

CHLOE. Oh, but I was a little pig this morning. I always am in the mornings.

COLIN. Then—if I asked you something now—would you, would you find it hard to say no?

CHLOE. All depends.

(*He does ask her. She finds it impossible.*)

#### "Is Courtesy Out of Fashion?"

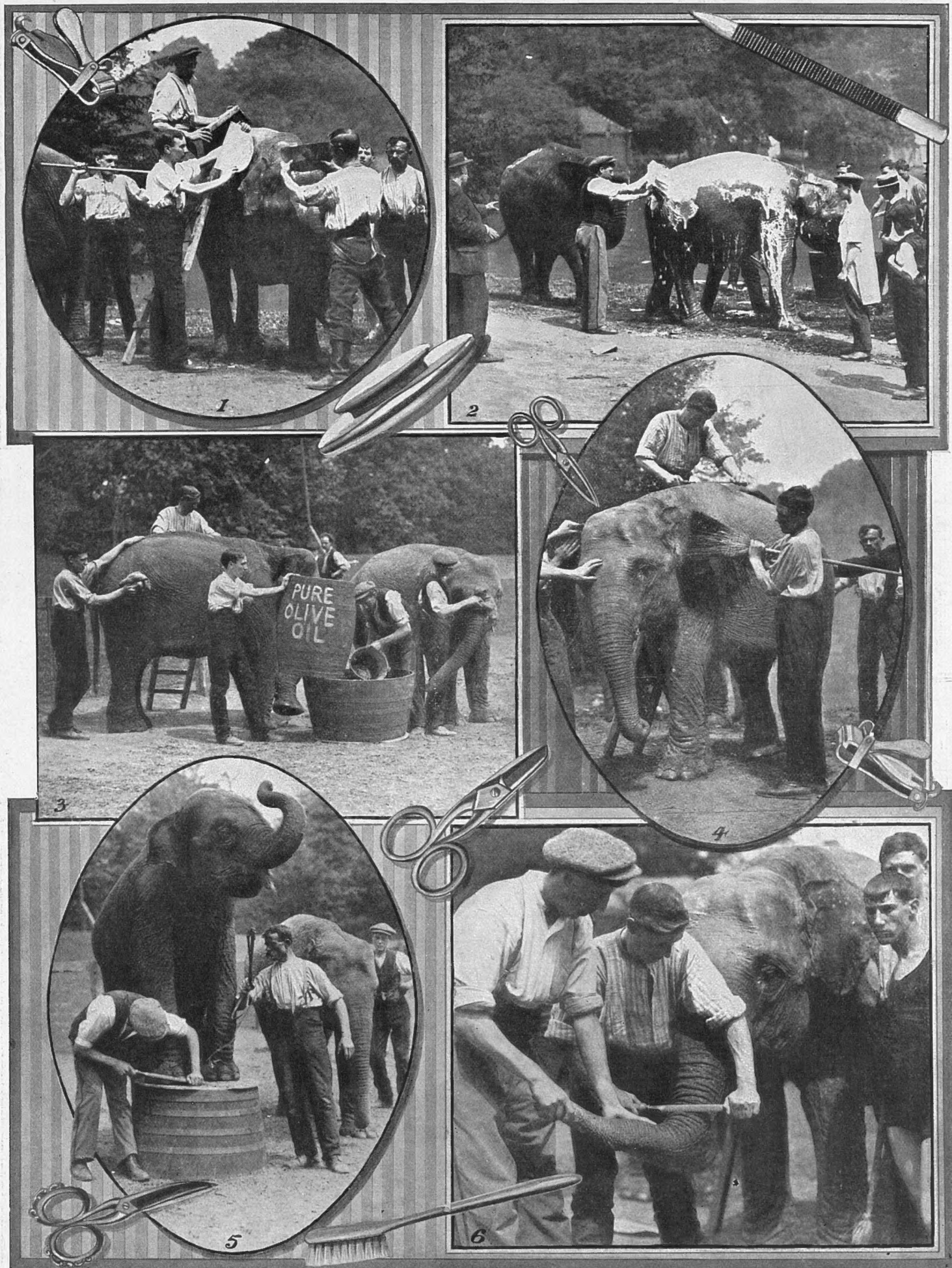
The readers of a popular evening journal are working themselves into a fine summer frenzy in the course of a discussion headed "Is Courtesy out of Fashion?" They are in the habit, it seems, of restoring lost property of all kinds to the rightful owners, but they bitterly regret the fact that the said rightful owners fail to acknowledge their courtesy in doing so. They do not seek reward, heaven knows, but they cannot help feeling that a postcard, at least, would be some acknowledgment of the trouble they have given themselves in the interests of complete strangers. "Sir," writes one injured gentleman, "I have read with interest your correspondent's letter on the decay of courtesy. I myself witnessed the lower part of a tail-lamp fall from a passing taxi. I picked up the part of the lamp that remained behind, but, as it was late in the evening, I did not return it until the next morning. As in the case of your correspondent, the manager of that department was away; I left my name and address, as suggested by a clerk. I heard nothing further."

#### A Distinct Grievance.

Here, I think, we have a distinct grievance. A gentleman, full of his own troubles and weary with the labours of the day, sees the lower part of a tail-lamp fall from a passing taxi. There are three courses open to him: (1) he can allow the lower part of the tail-lamp to remain in the roadway, a peril both to horses and pedestrians; (2) he can pick up the lower part of the tail-lamp and add it to the bulk of his personal property; (3) he can return the lower part of the tail-lamp to the garage. Our friend chose the third and the honourable course. It was late in the evening, remember; we may take it for granted, therefore, that the lower part of the tail-lamp was hot. It is never pleasant to go about picking up the lower parts of hot tail-lamps. For all that, he did it. Next he took the article home with him, thus voluntarily incurring the responsibility of its safe custody during the night. We are not told that he made any charge for housing the lower part of the tail-lamp. Besides, think of the risk he ran. What if a policeman had noticed him carrying the valuable, and had asked: "Young fellow, you are carrying the lower part of a tail-lamp. Produce the upper part, or I shall feel it my duty to lead you to the station." There would have been an awkward situation for you! Luckily, nothing of that sort happened. He got the thing home all right, and, next morning, took it to the garage. Mark what followed. The manager was away! Aha! So he said! Do we believe it, "Disgusted Reader"? Not us! It is my firm and unalterable belief that the manager was skulking round the corner with the sole object of saving his thanks. Can we wonder if our friend, for the future, allows smoking lower parts of tail-lamps to lie where they fall? Human nature is human nature. I shall not blame him if he snaps his fingers, laughs horribly, and walks straight on.



## A £60 WASH AND BRUSH-UP: ELEPHANTINE ABLUTIONS.



1. HIDE-DRILL FOR THE MOST SAGACIOUS OF BEASTS: BOSTOCK'S ELEPHANTS AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE BEING SCRAPPED WITH STEEL SCRAPPING-KNIVES.

3. THE ANOINTING: ELEPHANTS BEING RUBBED WITH OLIVE OIL.

5. THE LAST REFINEMENTS OF THE TOILET: MANICURE AFTER THE BATH.

2. "YOU DIRTY BOY!" AN OPERATION REQUIRING 150 LB. OF SOAP.

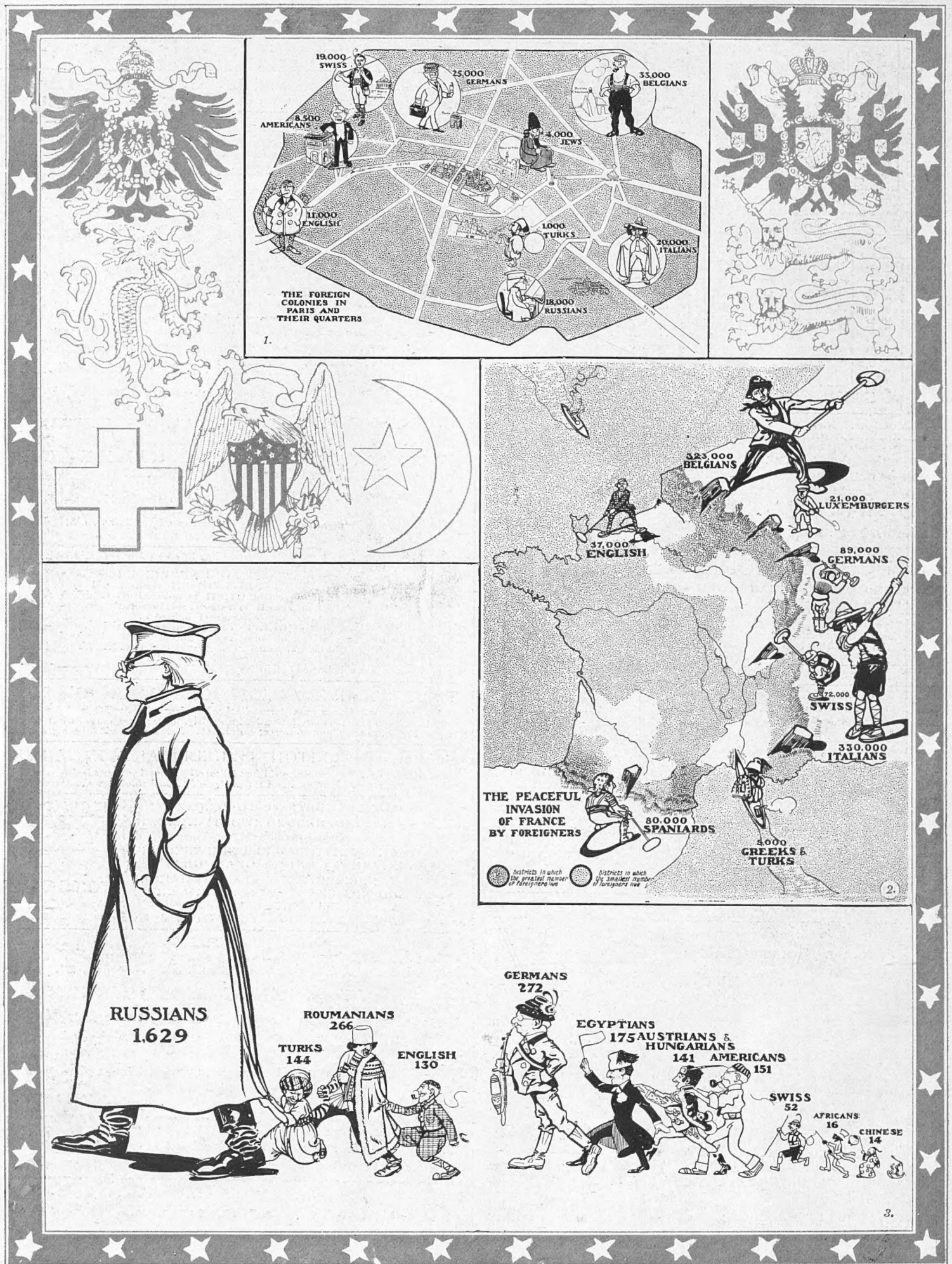
4. AN IMPORTANT STAGE IN THE PROCEEDINGS: BRUSHING AN ELEPHANT'S EARS.

6. HEROIC TREATMENT FOR THE COMPLEXION: RUBBING THE SKIN WITH A COARSE RASP AND SAND-PAPER.

The virtue of cleanliness is a rather expensive one in the case of elephants. The ablutions of the two elephants here shown, which belong to Bostock's Zoological Congress at the Festival of Empire at the Crystal Palace, cost about £60 for each animal. The work occupies eight men part of each day for a week, and each elephant requires 150 lb. of soap and a large quantity of olive oil. When the elephants are thoroughly dry after their wash their hides are rubbed a number of times with the purest oil. The skin is also treated with scraping-knives, rasps, and sand-paper, and an important operation in the toilet is the brushing of the ears with a long-fibre broom. The process is completed by "manicuring" the elephant's toes.—[Photographs by J. L. Clarke.]



## ANOTHER PARTITION OF FRANCE: A PEACEFUL INVASION.



1. MORE GERMANS IN PARIS THAN ANY OTHER NATION BUT THE BELGIANS: PARIS AND ITS FOREIGN QUARTERS.

2. ONE FOREIGNER TO EVERY THIRTY-EIGHT FRENCHMEN IN FRANCE: ITALIANS AND BELGIANS IN THE MAJORITY.

3. FOREIGN SEEKERS OF FRENCH WISDOM: THE GREAT PREPONDERANCE OF RUSSIAN STUDENTS IN PARIS.

France is worried about alien immigrants just as much as we are over here. The above diagrams show in a graphic way, by the relative size of the figures, the proportion in which various other nations are represented on French soil. No. 1 illustrates the foreign quarters of Paris, and it is worth noting that the Germans outnumber all but the Belgians. The total population of the "City of Light" at the latest census was 2,760,033, the number of foreigners being about 170,000, a ratio of one foreigner to about every sixteen inhabitants. The total population of France came out at 38,450,788, of which 1,033,871 were foreigners, a proportion of one foreigner to every thirty-eight inhabitants. The numbers of the different nationalities in the whole of France are shown in Diagram No. 2. The third diagram shows the number of foreign students in Paris, among whom the Russians are in an overwhelming majority.



NOT YET ON GUARD AT THE ENGLISH WAR OFFICE.



A GERMAN COUNTERPART OF "TOMMY ATKINS": ONE OF THE KAISER'S FAVOURITE REGIMENT, THE WHITE CUIRASSIERS, ON SENTRY-GO.

The famous White Cuirassiers are generally regarded as the Kaiser's favourite regiment of the German Army. The soldier who is shown in our photograph, doing "sentry-go," looks, with his cheery smile, very much like a British "Tommy" in a German uniform, and one to whom Kipling's lines—"O Tommy, Tommy Atkins, you're a good 'un, heart and hand!" would be equally appropriate. The nearest German equivalent for "Tommy Atkins" is probably the nickname "Sand-hase" (sand-hare), but this applies rather to infantry than cavalry. German soldiers and German sailors call each other "land-rats" and "water-rats" respectively. The common nickname for the French private soldier is "Piou-Piou," and he is also called "Pousse-Caillou" (literally "push-pebble"), probably in reference to the amount of marching he has to do.

*Photograph by Donald McLeish.*



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DEAL ... ..	18 6	12 6	9 0	SANDGATE ...	17 6	12 6	9 0
DOVER ... ..	17 6	12 6	9 0	SANDWICH ...	18 6	12 6	9 0
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### The Straw Hat Goodwood.

Never has a king earned a rest so nobly as has King George, and though he will be the centre of a great house party this week at Goodwood, that meeting will be this year a straw-hat one, owing to the absence of the Queen, and will not entail the fatigue and the ceremony of Ascot or the race meetings in Ireland, to which the

King and Queen went in semi-state. Very few of us quite realise the fatigue of continuously being brought face to face with new enthusiasm. Everybody in London professed to be worn out by the long hours and the enthusiasm of the Coronation fortnight, but the King and Queen, when they left behind them the cheering multitudes in London, had to meet and respond to an even more enthusiastic multitude in Dublin; and when the Irish had exhausted themselves the Welsh were determined to show that their Celtic temperament could outdo the enthusiasm of their neighbours. Then came the turn of the Scots



POLAR BEARS KEPT IN ORDER BY A DOG: SOME OF Mlle. DEL MONTE'S TROUPE ON A VISIT TO THE "ZOO," AND THEIR CANINE KEEPER.

The uncommon sight of a dog in charge of a number of polar bears has recently been seen at the "Zoo," where five young polar bears belonging to a Swedish artiste, Mlle. Doris del Monte, have lately been accommodated during their visit to London, along with "Flock," a Samoyede dog from Siberia, who keeps them in order as a sheep-dog does sheep. The animals greatly appreciated the chance of a dip in the hot weather, having had no opportunity of bathing for some time. At the "Zoo" they splashed about to their hearts' content, and showed themselves on the best of terms with their canine custodian.—[Photograph by C.N.]

to prove that the cold North could be as warm in welcome as any of the other kingdoms. To respond to enthusiasm is just as tiring as to be enthusiastic; but the King and Queen, though they have visibly grown paler during the past month, have always risen to the occasion. Now the time has come for the period of comparative rest, which is always the form that a royal holiday takes, and no crowned heads have ever deserved that rest better.

### The Green Park Site.

It seems to be at last finally settled, always supposing that our Ministers in Parliament approve, that the King Edward statue is to be erected at the Piccadilly end of the broad gravelled walk in Green Park. It is not, to my mind, as good a site as the suggested one in St. James's Park, but at all events it will give an imposing end to the great path, which at present is closed by insignificant railings and a particularly ugly little gate. The gentlemen in Parliament who constitute themselves guardians of the parks on behalf of the people were terribly afraid that this broad gravelled path would eventually be turned into a carriage-way for the convenience of people going to Buckingham Palace, and it was to allay their fears that the railings and the ugly gates were left as they are. No wheels except the wheels of the gardeners' carts ever profane the gravel, and if the ground is terraced for the memorial, as would seem likely, the path would obviously be impassable to carriages. But railings of a more ornamental character and gates reflecting to some extent the magnificence of the fine works of wrought iron at the other end will now have to be erected, and one of the blots on the park side of Piccadilly will have to be removed.

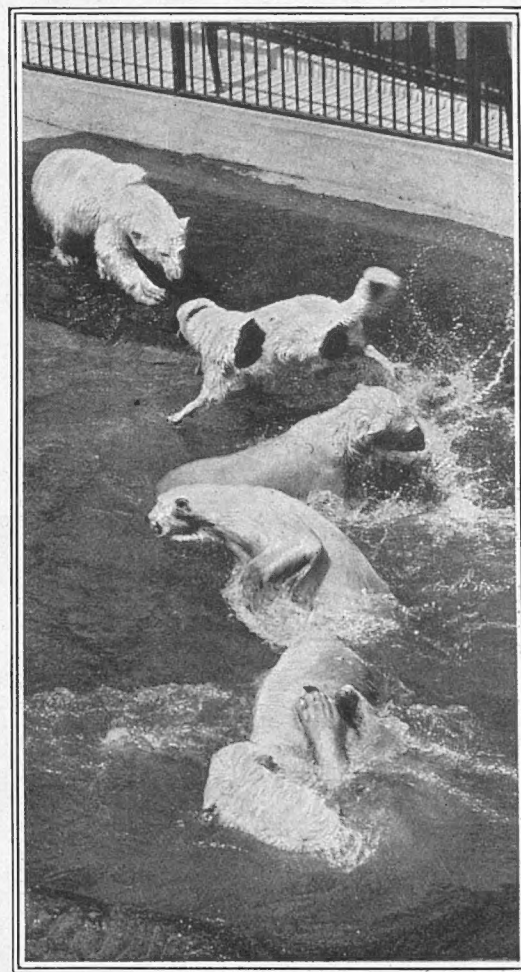
### "Pop."

Why is it, I wonder, that our public schools have none of them statues of their great headmasters? Lord Rosebery's mention of Dr. Keate in connection with the centenary of the Eton Society brought this into my mind. Men who had far less to say to the moulding of the fortunes of the British race than Dr. Keate had have been given half-a-dozen statues, while the appearance of the famous flogging headmaster is only known by caricatures of him. That the founder of "Pop,"

Charles Fox Townshend, dared to tell Dr. Keate not to speak to him so loudly for it gave him a headache, shows that boy to have been an exceptionally daring one, for when Dr. Keate quacked like an angry duck the birch was always in his mind. A sculptor with a feeling for the humorous would find a good subject in the little man with his funny cocked hat and his voluminous robes. Rugby possesses a statue of Thomas Hughes, but it has not one of Arnold, the most celebrated of all schoolmasters. Harrow, which has no statues at all, might well erect one to Doctor Drury, or to that most celebrated of under-masters, Samuel Parr; and every great school has somewhere in its history a commanding headmaster whose form and features might well look down in bronze or marble on the present generation of schoolboys. The terrible news that the present young bloods of "Pop" are not to be allowed to wear fancy waistcoats did not seem to affect the old members to any great extent, but Lord Rosebery's plea for ducks and green peas and strawberry squash at any future banquets must, I am sure, have struck a responsive note.

### The Coronation Cup.

The cup which was won by the team of the Indian Polo Association at Ranelagh, playing against the 4th Dragoon Guards, is, I should imagine, the largest piece of silver-ware that has ever been competed for in athletics. When it was placed on a small table, it towered as high as any member of the winning team as they stood round it to be photographed. The team which represented India in the contest for the cup consisted of three British officers belonging to regiments stationed in India and an officer of the Nizam's army. Many of the ladies at Ranelagh expressed an opinion that it would have been far more picturesque had the team consisted entirely of native gentlemen wearing native costume; and some of the authorities on polo considered that Colonel Chunda Singh—who is, I fancy, one of the suite of the Maharajah of Patiala—should have been included in the team, as well as Captain Shah Mirza Veg, who is generally acknowledged to be the best native player in India. If the very difficult matter of selecting a team of native gentlemen could be arranged, their presence in England during the various competitions of the summer would certainly be interesting; but I am afraid that even our ladies' desire for picturesqueness would not induce the members of the team to wear anything but the best-cut British



"FLOCK" AND HIS FORMIDABLE FLOCK: THE PERFORMING POLAR BEARS ENJOYING THEMSELVES AT THE "ZOO" DURING THE HEAT WAVE.

Photograph by C.N.

clothes and a turban. Some lady enthusiasts went so far as to suggest that native India should challenge for the America Cup; but I fancy that we British must recover the Cup, and bring the Meadowbrook men over to England to play for it again if we want to see Americans and East Indians meet on a polo-ground.





ONLY a few weeks ago Grosvenor House was packed with royalties; now Eaton will again offer its splendid hospitality to "the Spains." King Alfonso knows the ins and outs of

Eaton Hall as well as those of his own dwelling-places; and perhaps the regal formalities that must be observed in his own country are sufficiently relaxed during private visits to England to enable him to know even more of the English house than he ever can of a Spanish palace. Few Dukes—or Duchesses—of Westminster would feel they had done the honours of the Hall without introducing their guests to the famous kitchens and servants' quarters. The Duchess of Westminster has been the guest of another English hostess—the Queen of Spain, in Madrid—since King Alfonso was last in Cheshire.

*Aliases.* Lord Aberconway, Lord Charnwood, and the other peers who, with their friends, are learning their new titles, have something to be grateful for. The lesson is still fairly easy. After them, the deluge! If Lord Aberconway, even, still hears himself called "Sir Charles" (and

Mr. Asquith's scheme. And Lord Abercorn has a grievance that is peculiarly his own. Hitherto his name headed all alphabetical lists of peers; now Lord Aberconway takes his place. While his friends are still in doubt of his title, it may ease their memories a little to know that he is always to be found at the head of a column or on page 1.

*Celestial Bodies.* Mr. Hammerstein is an established fact; he is right here. To anybody who has not lately passed down Kingsway it is impossible to describe how firmly he has established himself in our midst. The new opera-house takes one unawares, so quickly has its huge bulk risen there. It has got up almost as speedily as the Venetian Campanile got down. That Mr. Hammerstein is an acquisition, who can doubt who knows his enterprise? With him, let us hope, will come some of the artistes who are famous in New York, but who have seldom trusted their voices to other impresarios. Preceding them will come the usual anecdotes. Of two performers in one of Mr. Hammerstein's companies, one, the leading



ENGAGED TO MARRY MR. ROBERT VERNON HARCOURT, M.P., ON THE 26TH: MISS MARGERY CUNARD.

Miss Cunard is the only daughter of Mr. William S. Cunard, a grandson of Sir Samuel Cunard, founder of the Cunard line. Mr. R. V. Harcourt, M.P. (Liberal) for Montrose Burghs, is a son of the late Sir William Harcourt. The engagement was announced in 1909, broken off, and recently renewed.

*Photograph by Rita Martin.*

MISS LAURA ROBERTS, WHOSE MARRIAGE TO CAPT. N. ORR-EWING WAS ARRANGED FOR THE 24TH.

Miss Laura Roberts is a daughter of Mr. Abraham John Roberts, and the Hon. Mrs. Roberts, of Tile House, Buckingham. Her mother is a sister of Viscount Barington. Captain Norman Orr-Ewing is in the Scots Guards, and the wedding was arranged to take place in the Guards Chapel at Wellington Barracks.

*Photograph by Rita Martin.*



ENGAGED: MR. HARRY COLLETT HARBORD AND MISS VIOLET MARGARET HORNBY.

Mr. Harry Collett Harbord, of the Inner Temple, is the eldest son of the Rev. H. Harbord, Rector of East Hoathley, Sussex. Miss Violet Margaret Hornby, of Old Whyly, East Hoathley, is the only child of the late Captain Cecil L. Hornby, and a niece of Sir W. H. Hornby, Bt., of Pleasington Hall, Blackburn.—[Photographs by Swaine.]

during the excitement of a son's wedding the father is as apt as the bride to lose a name), what of the viscounts and the elder sons, disguised as barons, who may soon be enrolled? Titles, they say, are hard to choose; surely they are harder to remember. Who, for instance, is Lord Inchcape? He is lost to the public as completely as if he had retired to his rock. For the most part there has been, and will be, a great preference for titles that preserve a familiar name. Lord Crewe, who had first thought of Houghton as the style of his marquise, has determined to abide by the name attached to his earldom; Lord Rosebery is indignant at the notion that he should alter his signature, and Knollys, Brassey, and Loreburn are all to remain.

*The Titled Masses.* The new barons may well be up in arms at the suggestion that men no better than themselves are to be created viscounts, and their sons barons, because, their creations being a few weeks later, the higher honours fit into

ENGAGED: MISS D. H. BEECH JOHNSTON AND DR. P. W. THORNEY.

Miss D. Hammersly Beech Johnston is the youngest daughter of Lieut.-Colonel W. Beech Johnston, M.D., and Mrs. Beech Johnston, of Benhurst, Sidcup, Kent. Dr. Thornley, who holds the degrees of LL.D. and M.A., is a barrister. He is the author of "The Angelus," which won the English opera prize a year or two ago, and was produced at Covent Garden.

*Photographs by Swaine.*

lady, was of unusually slender build. In some dispute with the other, she rapped out, "Remember, please, that I am the star." "Yes, I remember you're the star; but you'd look better, my dear, if you were a little meteor."

*An Obstruction.* Sir George Reid has, in his time, suffered many forms of assault and battery. On the platform he was, at one period, persistently heckled, and his famous remark to a hostile audience, "You can't get round me," accompanied by a sweep of the arms expressive of his great bulk, was one of many sallies that turned hisses to friendly laughter. With that same arm broken in two places, Sir George indulged in no gestures after the collision on the Broadstairs road last week, but a son has since been able to assure him with renewed conviction, "They can't get round you, father, even in England." Anybody else in a collision of the kind, seated where he sat in the car, would almost certainly have been killed.



ENGAGED: THE HON. BLANCHE LASCELLES AND MR. GEORGE LLOYD, M.P.

Miss Blanche Lascelles, who is a Maid-of-Honour to Queen Alexandra, is a daughter of the Hon. Frederick C. Lascelles, brother of the Earl of Harewood. Her mother, who died in 1891, was a daughter of the late Sir Adolphus Liddell. Mr. George Lloyd is M.P. (Unionist) for the West Division of Staffordshire. He has travelled widely in the East, and has made a special study of Eastern subjects.

*Photographs by Lafayette and Beresford.*



THE ROCK OF DAMOCLES:  
A 700-TON STONE THAT ALWAYS APPEARS ABOUT TO FALL.



A GIGANTIC NUT-CRACKER: A ROCK SO DELICATELY POISED THAT IT WILL CRACK A NUT  
WITHOUT CRUSHING IT.

The Tandil Rocking-Stone, which weighs 700 tons, is so delicately poised that it can be moved to and fro gently enough to crack a walnut without crushing it. As it rests on the hill-side, it looks as if every moment it were about to fall, like the sword of Damocles that was suspended by a single hair above the head of that unconscious reveller as he sat at the feast. The Tandil Rocking-Stone is in a low range of mountains, the Sierra Tandil, about 270 miles south of Buenos Ayres, on the way to Bahía Blanca. Its surface, and that of the surrounding rocks, is carved all over with the names of tourists. The Tandil Rock recalls the well-known Logan-Stone in Cornwall, which is similarly poised.—[Photograph supplied by H. F. Shepstone.]





By WADHAM PEACOCK. WITH THUMBNAIL SKETCHES BY GEORGE MORROW.

SIR James de Crichton-Browne will have a word or two to say about this. The naughty varlets of the Willesden Council have scheduled fish-frying as an "offensive trade." How are the youthful brains of the district to flourish under this bureaucratic tyranny?

Having failed with the gendarmes, the Sorbonne is now trying to teach the Parisian cabmen English. It will be a treat to hear the learned cocher's reply to the time-honoured query, "Hi, cochon! est-ce-que vous êtes fiancé?"

It is easy to gain a reputation as an aviator in Vienna. There no married man is allowed to go up in a flying-machine unless he has the formal consent of his wife and children. All the hero has to do is to pose as an aviator, and to forbid his family to give him the necessary consent to fly.

The Channel swimming season has begun. During the heat wave several intrepid bathers, with one foot on the sand, succeeded in swimming quite a number of inches towards France.

"The work of teaching is hard," says the Bishop of Chichester. Smith minor is of opinion that it is not work at all.

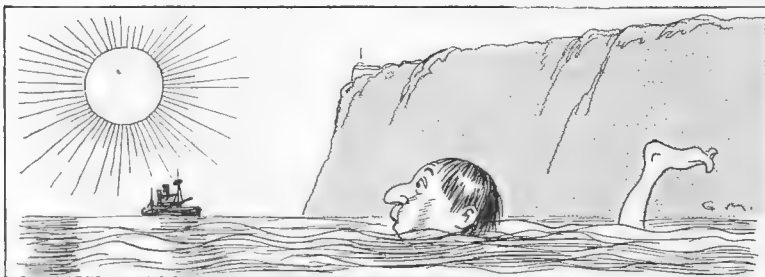
yard-and-a-half of printed police regulations for the "personal use" of the sea. This is to prevent him from getting in the way of the new *Dreadnoughts*.

At a Wood Green wedding the bridesmaids were "chained" together with cord, florally decorated. Can it be that in those northern latitudes they are afraid of the bridesmaids becoming ultra-fashionable and shirking the ceremony in church?

Sir W. H. Lever observes, "The more social conditions are improved, the more people are dissatisfied with the existing conditions." This beautiful phrase proves the march of intellect. Our simple, illiterate ancestors used to say, "The more you give them, the more they want."

When you see the girlies pursing up their lips, you need not think that they are trying to whistle. They are silently repeating the early-Victorian formula, "prunes and prisms," because it is said to give beautiful curves to the mouth, especially when seen in profile.

"PENSIONED DONKEY," says a huge headline. Surely there's nothing uncommon about that nowadays.



ALDGATE PUMP.

(During the heat-wave Aldgate Pump was besieged by thirsty wayfarers, by people with jugs, bottles, and kettles, and by the chauffeurs of motor-buses and motor-cars.)

Let Horace sing Bandusia's fount,  
Its waters weren't of much account,  
Compared with those which spurt and jump  
From curly-handled Aldgate Pump.  
We offer Aldgate Pump no wine,  
We sacrifice no wretched kid,  
"Without the option of a fine"  
Would be the sentence if we did.

Bandusia's fount was clear as glass,  
Although imbibed by ox and ass;  
In motor-'bus and car we dump  
The cooling streams of Aldgate Pump.  
So, though the thirsty human crowd,  
E'en on the hottest July days,  
But two chained cup-lets are allowed,  
The Pump shall have its meed of praise.

"There are no true rustics but Londoners," says a writer. Of course. Whenever you see two men near Charing Cross dressed in smock frocks and knee-breeches, with straws sticking out of their huge hob-nailed boots, and saying to one another, "Whoy, Jarge, coom and hev a drop o' summat wi' Oi," you immediately recognise them as real Cockneys, probably art critics or genial essayists.

Hanwell wants to change its name because of the L.C.C. asylum. But supposing that the asylum changes its name with the town! The objectors will be madder than ever then.

When the fat citizen wants to paddle at a German watering-place, he has to study a

Among the information which might be imparted to us with more tact is the following bit of news. "Should the dry weather continue, something like a milk famine is anticipated in London."

Here's a splendid invention! Someone has patented an ear telescope (?) which will magnify sound twelve times, so that all those people who have been writing to the papers about the motor and other nightly noises of London will be able to lie in bed and hear everything just as well as if they were in the street.

PERCY'S SWEET PEASEN.

(So far, no gardener has been able to produce a yellow sweet pea.)

"Here's a thousand golden sovereigns," the *Daily Mail* has said,  
"For the gardener of the Coronation season  
Who can show us, as the crop of his suburban flower-bed,  
The best and biggest bouquet of sweet peaseen."

So Percy upped and dug and raked, and watered all he knew,  
And became a most industrious young fellow,

For he thought that since of  
roses the most valuable is  
blue,  
The peas beneath the thimble  
should be yellow.

He planted several million peas,  
and watched them as they  
grew,  
And watered them (incited by  
a joker)

With cadmium and turmeric,  
gamboge and sulphur too.  
With saffron, lemons, cheese,  
and yellow ochre.

But not an orange-coloured pea  
among his blooms was  
found,

So Percy time and skill no  
more employs on

The effort to hypothecate Lord  
Northcliffe's thousand  
pound,  
And peaseen he now qualifies  
as poison.







## OUR WONDERFUL WORLD!



MORDKIN. PLEASE COPY! BALLET - MEN FROM ENGAKAGXAFONTEIN.

Our photograph (which comes from a correspondent in the Idutywa Reserve, in the Transkei district of Cape Colony, some seventy miles from East London) represents the peculiar costume worn by the Abakwetas, a native tribe, in the course of some of their religious ceremonies. "The above high-sounding name," writes our correspondent, "is what has been inflicted on a small but progressive little village in Kaffirland. We have no railways here, and all transport is carried on by means of the good old ox-wagon."

*Photograph supplied by E. C. Wright.*



A DANCE THAT WOULD CERTAINLY NOT IMPROVE THE FLOOR: A "STAR-WREATH" DANCE IN UPPER AUSTRIA.

The dance here illustrated took place at Ried, in Upper Austria, during some games held on the occasion of the unveiling of the Stelzhamer Memorial. It is described as the Star-Wreath Dance of the Taufkirchner. It hardly seems to be a dance that would commend itself to those who have to bear the expense of keeping a ball-room floor in good order.





By E. F. S. (MONOCLE.)

**Miss Terry's  
Second Lecture.**

At the Haymarket last week, Miss Ellen Terry gave a reading in London of the second of her lectures on Shakespeare's women. The lectures have been, I understand, a great success in the United States; and their success is well deserved, quite apart from the fact that Miss Terry starts with the advantage of being herself identified by the public with some of the dramatist's heroines. That in itself, of course, would draw a large audience. Probably the lecturer would not herself claim credit for any great originality or depth in her criticisms; but it is very pleasant to hear her discoursing with humour and enthusiasm upon these women of romance, who are for her clearly among the most solid realities of the world. Their woes bring tears to her eyes, and in little humorous comments on their merits she calls them in aid of the movement for the rights of women—a movement as old as Shakespeare, though she does not venture an opinion as to what his view on the question would have been. Her subject this time was "The Triumphant Women," first among whom were Beatrice, Rosalind, and Portia, and it is easy to understand how they can be described so as to put man very much into the shade. The lecture is, of course, dotted with little recitations and extracts of dialogue, including the "quality of mercy" speech, delivered as only Miss Ellen Terry could deliver it, and it was most naturally, and properly, received enthusiastically.

**"Buntty Pulls the  
Strings."**

It was quite pleasant to look at the beaming faces of the Scots company of the Haymarket, during the enthusiastic reception of "Buntty Pulls the Strings." Mr. Graham Moffat, the author and principal actor, and the other members of a comparatively short cast of people, a month ago were absolutely unknown, even unheard of, by the ordinary London playgoer, and now they promise to draw the town. Sometimes, of course, we see an author and company in a state of glee, and feel a little saddened by the thought that they are deceived and will have a sad awakening. In the present case there is nothing of this kind. "Buntty" probably is in for a long run, for the work seems to appeal to stalls as well as to gallery. It is a verification of the proposition, by no means universally true, that "one touch of nature makes the whole world kin," and "Buntty" triumphs because the author succeeds in presenting some fairly interesting, real human beings. This sounds as if it were very easy to do, but, unfortunately, few dramatists try. Instead of looking round them and painting the kind of people they know and understand,

the ordinary dramatists get their characters from the lumber-room of the theatre.

**Her Triumph.**

Mr. Moffat's picture of the Scots country-folk in the year 1860 is so engaging that the audience overlooks serious faults which would be fatal under common circumstances. The dénouement is clumsy; indeed, the strings pulled by Buntty are *ficelles* of an egregiously theatrical character; the play hangs fire during the second act, and yet it lives. I could wish for a few changes—first, indeed, for a smaller theatre, but that is out of the question; secondly, for an occasional chastening of the humours. I know that some of the audience laughed when Buntty told her lover to blow his nose: is it a funny line?—would Buntty have uttered it? Moreover—to finish my grumbles—I wish some other period had been chosen, and we had not had a surfeit of comicalities about crinolines, stockings, etc. Here is rather a nice question. Do the absurd costumes really contribute to the success of the work? Most people would answer yes, promptly. Nevertheless, long before the piece was over, our laughter at the crinolines, etc., was exhausted—they ceased to be funny, and began to grow irritating; and ere the end was reached the author and the company were fighting against the chilling, distracting effect of the comic costumes. It was a happy accident or a stroke of genius that made the third act of "Buntty" pass on washing-day, so Buntty was there without her crinoline and did not look a guy.



THE BARRIE-ONLY-MORE-SO PLAY AT THE HAYMARKET: RAB BIGGAR (MR. GEORGE TAWDE) HELPS HIS SWEET-HEART, TEENIE DUNLOP (MISS EVA McROBERTS) OVER THE STILE, IN "BUNTTY PULLS THE STRINGS."

Mr. Graham Moffat's play of Scottish life and character, "Buntty Pulls the Strings," is akin to some of Mr. Barrie's work. It is, however, if anything, more thoroughly Scottish. The heroine, Buntty Biggar, like Maggie in "What Every Woman Knows," twists her men-folk round her fingers, and manages all her family's affairs to their satisfaction.

**The Acting.**

What a capital company! Mr. Moffat himself is an accomplished actor, and gave real character to the rather wicked Tammas, Elder of the Kirk, and he nicely avoided exaggeration. Mr. Watson Hume, though to my taste a little too extravagantly comic in appearance for such a dainty person as Buntty,

played the sheepish lover very cleverly. It is, however, Buntty who pulls the strings, and, one must add, Buntty who takes the cake, for Miss Kate Moffat was quite delightful in the part, which reminded us of one rendered immortal in our brief memories by Barrie and Miss Hilda Trevelyan. It was wonderful to see how the actress managed to give slight glimpses of great tenderness in this bustling, managing, rather shrewish young diplomat who ruled everybody, and was as prompt in her manoeuvres to use brutality as simple cunning. Mr. Tawde as Buntty's brother, Rab, perhaps gave the cleverest performance of all, in his picture of the eager young fellow just arrived at the age when it was a nice question whether he was too old to be thrashed or too young to have a serious sweetheart.



WEELUM GUARDING THE COLLECTION-PLATE: MEMBERS OF THE CONGREGATION GOING TO KIRK IN MR. GRAHAM MOFFAT'S "BUNTTY PULLS THE STRINGS." All the members of the company of Scottish players in Mr. Graham Moffat's "Buntty Pulls the Strings" are related to each other. The photograph shows some of the congregation arriving at the kirk, where Weelum Sprunt (Mr. Watson Hume) is mounting guard over the collection-plate placed on a table in the kirk-yard. The time of the play, it will be noticed, is the crinoline period.



## PLAYING THE PUFFS: A MUSICAL VERSION OF SMOKE.



THE PUFFING OF A CIGARETTE BY MUSIC: Mlle. LIPKOVSKA AND SOME BARS DESCRIPTIVE  
OF THE JOYS OF SMOKING, IN "IL SEGRETO DI SUSANNA."

In our last issue we gave a photograph of Mlle. Lydia Lipkovska—the heroine of the cigarette opera, "Il Segreto di Susanna"—in a Russian setting. We now show her, as it were, "playing the puffs," for in the smoke-wreaths that issue from her mouth may be seen the introductory bars of the song in which she confesses her secret passion for the cigarette. The opening words of this song might be rendered, very freely, as follows: "How sweet to rest, with half-closed eyes, And watch the tender smoke-wreaths rise: To draw them in and puff them out, And see them curling round about: So, 'mid blue clouds and golden beams, soar upward to the land of dreams."

Photograph by Campbell-Gray; setting by "The Sketch"; the music reproduced by permission of the Covent Garden Opera Syndicate, and by the courtesy of M. Josef Weinberger, the owner of the copyright.





# CROWNS · CORONETS · COURTIER

THE knighting of Sir Goscombe John is all in keeping with precedents of recent years. Our effigies and coinage were more comely, perhaps, in the times when their makers' names were barely known, but if sculptors are to be thus honoured in an age when sculpture is at its lowest ebb, Sir Goscombe, as one of our most distinguished modellers, deserves his reward. There would, it is said in Chelsea, be yet another knight of the chisel save for an untoward accident connected with the unveiling of a statue by the late King. The sculptor was warned the night before that he should be prepared to kneel to receive his knighthood when a sign was made to him during the ceremony. Unfortunately, while he practised genuflection that evening in his studio it poured with rain. In the morning the sun was shining, but when the coverings were removed from the statue they poured their pools of rain mostly upon his Majesty. The sculptor received only an M.V.O.



MISS HILDA HAY, WHOSE MARRIAGE TO MR. SIDNEY HOWES WAS ARRANGED FOR JULY 25TH.

Miss Hilda Hay is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles W. Hay, of Shandon Court, Tunbridge Wells. Mr. Sidney Howes is in the 21st Lancers.

Photograph by Rita Martin.



TO MARRY MISS MARGARET HILDA PERKS ON THE 27TH: MR. EDGAR MCINTYRE.

Mr. Edgar McIntyre is the youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. T. C. McIntyre, of Northfield, Bickley, Kent.

Photograph by Swaine.



TO MARRY CAPTAIN CHARLES HARRY LYON: MISS GWENLLIAN M. CAMPBELL.

Miss Campbell is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Campbell, of Woodseat, Uttoxeter. Captain Lyon is the eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Lyon, of Clifton Ashbourne.

Photograph by Swaine.

The waves that disturbed the waters while Princess Henry of Battenberg and the Empress Eugénie lunched on board the *Erin* were no bigger than the storms that rise in teacups. Sir Thomas, admirable host at all times, was in his element. Since King Edward's death his entertaining has somewhat lapsed, and it is good to know that he and his yacht are not laid up in some backwater of business or of sport. The last we seem to have heard of Sir Thomas, and that many months ago, was his adventure with a young man and a razor, and of late he has, in fact, been very much absorbed in work. Of another adventure with an intruder he is fond of telling an anecdote. While he was still young and penniless he was disturbed one night by the forcing of his window and a noise in his room. "Who are you?" he asked. A gruff voice answered: "I am looking for money." "Oh, in that case," answered Lipton cheerfully, "light the candle and I'll help you!"

The Latest. The traveller who is taken ill is always at a disadvantage, and an English surgeon, in an after-dinner speech in New York, confesses to a share in an American's troubles. Having praised the abundant and timely reading-matter provided in the doctors' waiting-rooms in the States,

he confessed that in Harley Street we are not so considerate. "One of your millionaires consulted me there in June. He was kept waiting above an hour. When I was able to see him he came in looking much bored. 'I see by your papers, doctor,' he said, 'that it is rumoured two Dayton men, Orville and Wilbur Wright, can fly.'"

Oh, to be in England!

Lord Kitchener sometimes wearies of the praises showered upon him. When he reads, as he often does, that he is "a man," his curt comment is "There are others"; and descriptions of his vast capabilities meet with the same class of rejoinder. But, like most men, he has his proud spots. He is pleased to have it known that he is a good judge of Chinese porcelain and English acres. The results of last week's sale of the Barham Court estate pleased him almost as much as the appointment to Egypt. The excellent prices realised and the remarkable keenness of the bidding proved that the purchaser of the adjoining estate of Broome Park had known what he was about when he became a purchaser. Lord Kitchener's desire for work is strong enough to withstand the fascination of Broome. But when he is a little older the old Broome will make a clean sweep of the attractions of the dry desert.

Fans and week Four Fancy.

Lady Strachey braved the hazards of Christie's, and added her name to the list of those who find King Street as exciting as the Stock Exchange or Newmarket. In selling a collection of

pastels by Daniel Gardner, her gain is greater than her loss. Pastels are nervous possessions; a housemaid may flick away their beauty with a duster any morning before breakfast, or a fall jolt off their bloom. Although Lady Strachey's collection brought in only nine hundred and fifty pounds, that is a sum more than sufficient to refill the bare spaces on her walls. The word has gone round that this is the moment for investment. Several young men are now selling for £10 apiece paintings which (say the Captain Coes of the art world) will be worth a hundred in a few years. But while Mrs. Edmund Davis is showing her painted fans at the Leicester Galleries there is no need to search the obscure studios of Camden Town for probable, or improbable, winners.



ENGAGED TO MR. H. V. PHILIPS: MISS MARJORIE MCIVER.

Miss Marjorie McIver is the daughter of Sir Lewis and Lady McIver. Her father, who was made a baronet in 1896, has sat in Parliament for Torquay and Edinburgh. Mr. H. V. Philips is the son of the Rev. E. Philips, of Hollington, Staffordshire.

Photograph by Lallie Charles.



TO MARRY MR. EDGAR MCINTYRE ON THE 27TH: MISS MARGARET HILDA PERKS.

Miss Margaret Hilda Perks is the youngest daughter of Sir Robert and Lady Perks, of 11, Kensington Palace Gardens.

Photograph by Swaine.



TO MARRY MR. GUY BONHAM CARTER: MISS KATHLEEN ARKWRIGHT.

Miss Kathleen Arkwright is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Arkwright, of Willersley, Derbyshire. Mr. Guy Bonham Carter is in the 19th Hussars.

Photograph by Val l'Estrange.

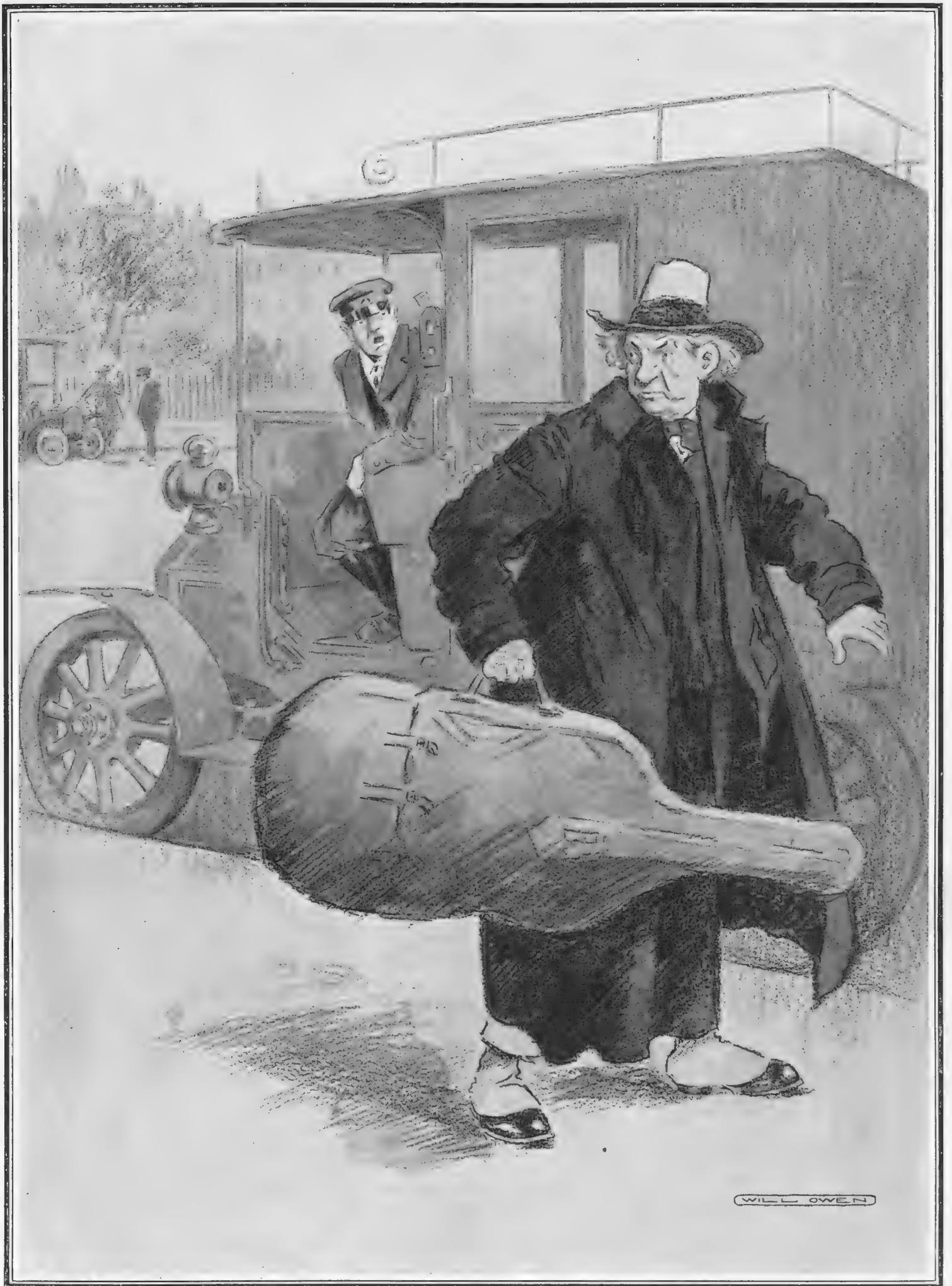


ENGAGED TO MR. LIONEL GRAHAM HARRIS: MISS GRACE CASSELS.

Miss Grace Cassels is the daughter of Mr. W. R. Cassels, of Buenos Ayres and London. Mr. Lionel Graham-Harris is also of Buenos Ayres.—[Photograph by Lallie Charles.]



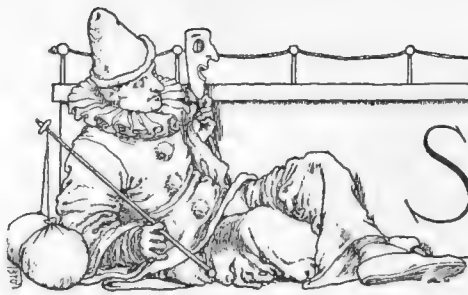
"THE NOISELESS TENOR OF HIS WAY."



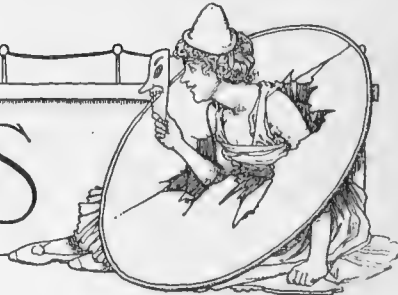
TAXI-DRIVER (who has received \$4.): 'Ere, Caruso, 'ow about the flute?

DRAWN BY WILL OWEN.





# STAR TURNS



Mlle. Mella Mars.

Mlle. Mars, who, with her husband, M. Béla Laszky, is at the top of the bill at the Hippodrome, did not come by her reputation easily. She had to wade through the waters of disappointment. From a child she always showed great talent for theatrical work, and when quite young appeared in a fairy spectacle in the Gertnerplatz Theatre, in Munich, where she received the salary of two pounds a month. Later, the manager decided to put up "La Poupée," and, in consideration of her small stature and her ability to sing, gave her the title-rôle. She wanted, however, to play tragic and emotional parts, and got an engagement in a little travelling company which visited the Austrian villages, and played a round of these characters. In one of these tiny places the famous actor, Lavinsky, of the Burg Theatre, in Vienna, saw her as the "Dame aux Camélias," and told her he was certain she would do great things. Meanwhile, however, she and her comrades had to live. It was not always easy. The salaries paid were exceedingly small. On one occasion, the manager of the company found himself unable to pay anything at all. The little band of actors was threatened with hunger. Without a moment's hesitation Mlle. Mars took off the gold ring she was wearing and handed it to the impresario. He sold it, and the company lived on the proceeds until more money came into the box office. Only a short time ago, when the manager heard that Mlle. Mars was coming to London, he called on her and paid the amount she had advanced.

After two years' wandering she returned to Vienna. When she tried to get an engagement in an operatic company she was told that her voice was too weak and her stature too short, and the same thing happened when she applied for serious parts. If the dramatic stage would not have her, and the lyric stage refused her, she determined to see what the variety stage would do for her. She got someone to give her some lessons in singing for a couple of months, and she managed to get an appearance on the stage at one of the cabarets. About four years ago, when she was in Munich, she was taking part in an entertainment at a reception at which M. Béla Laszky happened to be present. She sang a little song. M. Laszky was amazed. When she had finished, he went over to where she was standing and told her she had great talent for that sort of work, and she ought to cultivate it. The result was that he wrote for her a little tragic song, "The Abbé and the Countess," in which she made a great success. He also translated and set to music some of the songs of Mlle. Guilbert. After a while he got an engagement as conductor at one of the theatres in Vienna. Some time afterwards Mlle. Mars was also engaged there. In that way their friendship ripened, and they were married two years ago.

From the time she first went to the theatre in which M. Laszky was engaged she began singing his compositions more and more, until to-day she sings no one else's music, and she can sing

to the accompaniment of no one else. Their method is characteristic. If she finds something she likes, she takes it to M. Laszky, who reads it. If he likes it, he begins work on it and sets it to

music. Then they go through it together. If there is anything Mlle. Mars does not like she says so, and M. Laszky changes it until, between them, they get exactly what is needed for the perfect presentation of the poem through the medium of the diseuse's art. Their rehearsals at home are practically like performances before the public, for Mlle. Mars puts her whole heart and spirit even into the preparation of her work, and invariably, when she has finished a song of any intensity, her husband finds that in clenching her hands she has made deep indentations into the palms with her nails; while, under the influence of other emotions, she will finish trembling like a leaf. She is, in fact, all nerves, and the whole of her work is acutely nervous, so that, as the saying goes, "she takes it out of herself" at every performance.

Although so much of her work runs in the serious vein, and she loves tragic poems and melodramas in monologue, she has an acute sense of humour, which is none the less vividly expressed because it is often concealed under a mask of seriousness. When "Elektra" was first performed in Vienna and the opera-loving public was wild with enthusiasm, M. Laszky did a parody on it. The part of Elektra was taken by Mlle. Mars, who acted the burlesque in the serious spirit of the original, at which the Viennese public roared with laughter, and invitations were received from Budapest, Presburg, and Berlin for the repetition of the parody there.

Mlle. Mars's humour found an original expression on one occasion when she was anxious to get away from a certain theatre in Vienna. Seeking for an excuse, she told the manager that her dressing-room was too damp, and she was likely to catch cold if she continued to appear. "Well," said the director, who was a clever man, "why not come to the theatre dressed for the performance? Then you need not use the dressing-room." "With pleasure," said Mlle. Mars; "but if I do that, I must have a carriage to bring me to the theatre and take me home again. As it is out of the question that I should pay for the carriage, you must."

That aspect of the situation did not appeal to the manager. "If that is the case," he said, "instead of wearing evening dress, come in walking-costume; it will do just as well." "As you wish," said Mlle. Mars.

Next night she sang a song describing the character she was representing as in evening dress and covered with diamonds. Of course, the audience shrieked with laughter. When she had finished, Mlle. Mars went down to the footlights. "I can't help singing this song in this dress," she explained, "as my dressing-room is too damp for me to use, and the manager won't pay for a carriage to bring me to the theatre ready dressed." At her naïve explanation the audience laughed still more; but she had gained her point—she did not sing much longer at that house.



WENDY TO APPEAR ON THE MUSIC-HALL STAGE; MISS HILDA TREVELYAN, WHO IS TO MAKE HER DÉBUT IN VAUDEVILLE AT THE COLISEUM ON THE 31ST IN "THE GATE OF DREAMS."

Photograph by Rita Martin.



THE VIENNESE DISEUSE WHO SINGS ONLY HER HUSBAND'S SONGS, AND ONLY TO HIS ACCOMPANIMENT: Mlle. Mella Mars, who made her London début last week at the Hippodrome.

Mlle. Mella Mars, who made her first appearance in London at the Hippodrome last week, is the wife of the well-known composer, Béla Laszky. It is a curious fact that she never sings the music of any other composer, or to any other accompaniment than his. Mlle. Mars is a native of Vienna, and made her début at Munich as an actress. She has been called "the Duse of the Cabaret," and "the pale chanteuse with the 'Too-rop' face."

Photograph by L. Tritsch.



## A SON OF THE SOIL.



DOOLEY: Nora, me jewel, Oi have wan fer yez. Av a man is born in Lapland,  
lives in Oireland, and doies in Poland, phwat is he?

MRS. D.: A corpse.

DOOLEY: Begorra! Some wan must have tould yez.

DRAWN BY WILNOT LUNT.



# THE AGE OF BAKST: THE ARTIST WHO PREFERS THE CULT OF THE BLAZE OF HARMONIOUS COLOUR: THE ART



1. M. LÉON BAKST'S DESIGN FOR A COSTUME IN "L'OISEAU D'OR."

4. THE COSTUME OF A YOUTH IN "SCHEHERAZADE," FROM AN ORIGINAL SKETCH BY THE DESIGNER, M. LÉON BAKST.

2. ANOTHER ORIGINAL DESIGN BY M. BAKST FOR "L'OISEAU D'OR."

5. THE REALISATION OF THE COSTUME FOR A YOUTH IN "SCHEHERAZADE," WHICH WAS GIVEN AT COVENT GARDEN FOR THE FIRST TIME ON THURSDAY LAST.

M. Bakst, the designer of the costumes and the scenery of "Cléopâtre" and "Scheherazade," has now become well known to English audiences, through the performance of the Russian Ballet at Covent Garden. The designs by this extraordinary artist, some of which we are fortunate enough to be able to publish on this page, together with (in two cases) a photograph of the costume as carried out by the costumier, are certainly inspiring in the highest degree. The Russian theatre has assuredly taught us much in the way of the arrangement of colour-schemes. M. Roerich, whose barbaric scenery for "Prince Igor" gave an extraordinary feeling of desolation which accorded well with the strange



TO EMPLOY NO WHITE IN HIS DECORATION.

OF BAKST, THE ORIGINATOR OF A SCENIC RENAISSANCE.



3. LIKE A FLASK OF ATTAR-OF-ROSES; THE ORIGINAL DESIGN OF M. LÉON BAKST FOR AN ORIENTAL DANCING-GIRL IN "SCHEHERAZADE".  
 THE COSTUME OF ALMÉE IN "SCHEHERAZADE" AS IT WAS WORN ON THE STAGE BY THE RUSSIAN BALLET. | 7. A COSTUME FOR ONE OF THE THREE ODALISQUES IN "SCHEHERAZADE"; M. LÉON BAKST'S EXTRAORDINARY DESIGN.  
 music and the fierce dance of that characteristic opera, gave us the first insight into the possibilities of this original development of stage setting; but there is no doubt that it is from M. Leon Bakst that this renaissance of theatrical scenery and costume, of which we have had an example in our own country in the work of Mr. Gordon Craig, has gained its principal stimulus. In "Cléopâtre" there was a prevailing harmony of blue and orange, while in "Scheherazade," generally considered Bakst's finest production, the wonderful employment of sapphire blue and emerald green, with all the component colours of fire—reds, yellows, and flaming orange—gives an effect which must be seen to be realised.—[Photographs by Bert.]





## THE SPORTS AND PASTIMES OF ETON.\*

BILL ADAMS not content, many must sympathise with the general belief that the Iron Duke declared that the Battle of Waterloo was won on the playing-fields of Eton. That being so, there should be uncommon interest in the sports and pastimes favoured by that great school since the sixth Henry piously discovered a fixed purpose in his heart "to found a college, in honour and support of that our mother, who is so great and holy, in the parochial church of Eton beside Windsor," not far from his birthplace, and proceeded to establish it to endure to the end of time, "to the praise, glory, and honour of our Crucified Lord, to the exaltation of the most glorious Virgin Mary, His Mother, and the support of the Holy Church, His bride."

The fifteenth century saw rougher relaxations than pertain in humanitarian England to-day. "There were yearly festivities in the Hall at Christmas and on certain days in the summer," which, no doubt, were tame enough. But "a more exciting amusement was afforded to the boys by the exhibition of Lord Stanley's bears in the College. There is no reason to doubt their having been baited there, as this pastime was not thought too cruel or too coarse for the eyes of Queen Elizabeth a century later." It is recorded, further, that the two sons of Sir William Cavendish, who were sent to Eton in 1560, gave three-pence on one occasion "to a man, to see bayre bayting and a camell in the Colledge, as other schollers dyd." At the same period, "no work was done on Shrove Tuesday after 8 a.m., and at Eton, as elsewhere on this day, the practice prevailed of tormenting some live bird. The College cook carried off a crow from its nest, and fastening to it a pancake, hung it up on the school door—doubtless to serve as a target. At other English schools, a cock was generally selected as the victim. Cock-fighting, and the custom of throwing sticks at cocks at this season, can be traced back to an early date, and down to the end of the eighteenth century. Even in the time of Charles II., Sir Charles Sedley was not ashamed to bid a cock—

Be punished for St. Peter's crime,  
And on Shrove Tuesday perish in thy prime.

Well might a sarcastic foreigner say that, after eating pancakes, the English "immediately go mad and kill their cocks."

"Horace Walpole mentions games of cricket and expeditions against bargemen as popular in his schooldays, and the ram-hunt used to be maintained with spirit at Election-tide year after year. The young Duke of Cumberland came to take part in this sport on the 1st of August, 1730. 'The Captain of the School presented him with a ram-club, with which H.R.H. struck the first stroke. H.R.H. was in at the death of the ram, and his club was bloodyed according to custom. There was afterwards a speech made by the Captain of the School, at which the Duke was present.' . . . It was on one of these occasions that an active ram crossed the Thames, and ran through the market-place at Windsor with the young hunters in full cry after it. Such severe exercise in summer

being deemed dangerous to the health of the boys, the unfortunate rams were thenceforth hamstrung, and, after the regular speech, deliberately beaten to death in Weston's Yard."

In 1766 there were in vogue at Eton "Cricket, Fives, Shirking Walls, Scrambling Walls, Bally Cally, Battledores, Peg-top, Peg in the Ring, Goals, Hopscotch, Headimy, Conquering Lobs, Hoops, Marbles, Trap-ball, Steal-baggage, Puss in the Corner, Cat Gallows, Kites, Cloyster and Flyer Gigs, Tops, Humming-tops, Hunt the hare, Hunt the Dark Lantern, Chuck, Sinks, Starecaps, Hustlecap, Football, Slides in School, Leaping Poles, Slide down the Sides of the Stairs from Cloyster to College Kitchen." There is a list for the present Eton boy who will tolerate nothing but "grown up" pastimes! "Shirking Walls" was probably a variation of fives; "Scrambling Walls" was possibly the wall game of to-day, if that is not the descendant of "Goals." In "Conquering Lobs" it

seems to have been the object of each player to smash his adversary's "lob-taw," or marble. "Hunt the dark lantern," which is said to have been played by Collegers in the Playing Fields on winter evenings in the nineteenth century, appears to correspond with 'Sam, Sam, show a light,' popular elsewhere. 'Chuck' is probably an abbreviated name for the common game of 'chuck farthing,' and 'sinks' appears to be a phonetic rendering of 'cinques,' suggesting the idea of five-knuckle-bones. 'Hustle-cap' was a form of 'pitch and toss,' in which the coins were shaken together in a cap before being tossed. "Headimy," "bally cally," "steal baggage," "cat gallows," "cloyster and flyer gigs," and "starecaps" remain unexplained.

"To 'slide down the sides of the stairs from the Cloysters,' or, rather, from the passage between the Hall and the Buttery, 'to College Kitchen,' or, rather, to the beginning of the Kitchen Yard, was a diversion very popular with Collegers, until the authorities obstructed the course with blocks of wood, which remain to this day." Thirty years or so later, the minor games at Eton included "the devil on two sticks," otherwise the "diabolo" of recent memory.

Of rowing at Eton and of the other sports and pastimes, major and minor, now in vogue there is no need to say anything here: many points about them find place in Sir H. C. Maxwell Lyte's book, together with stories of the hunting, shooting, and tandem-driving of other days, the poaching, the battling with bargemen, the bull-baiting, badger-baits, dog-fights, and cat and duck hunts organised for the edification of Eton boys of past generations. But it may be noted, perhaps, that golf was introduced to the College in 1889 or thereabouts.

So much for a single phase of this "History of Eton College" in all its phases, about which it is unnecessary to say anything save that all interested in Eton should give it honoured place in their library, whether they have earlier editions or no. Of its success in its latest form there can be no doubt: unsuccessful works are not issued four times—they are not worth bringing up to date. Sir H. C. Maxwell Lyte can rely upon scoring with his book in 1911 as certainly as he did in 1875, 1889, and 1899.

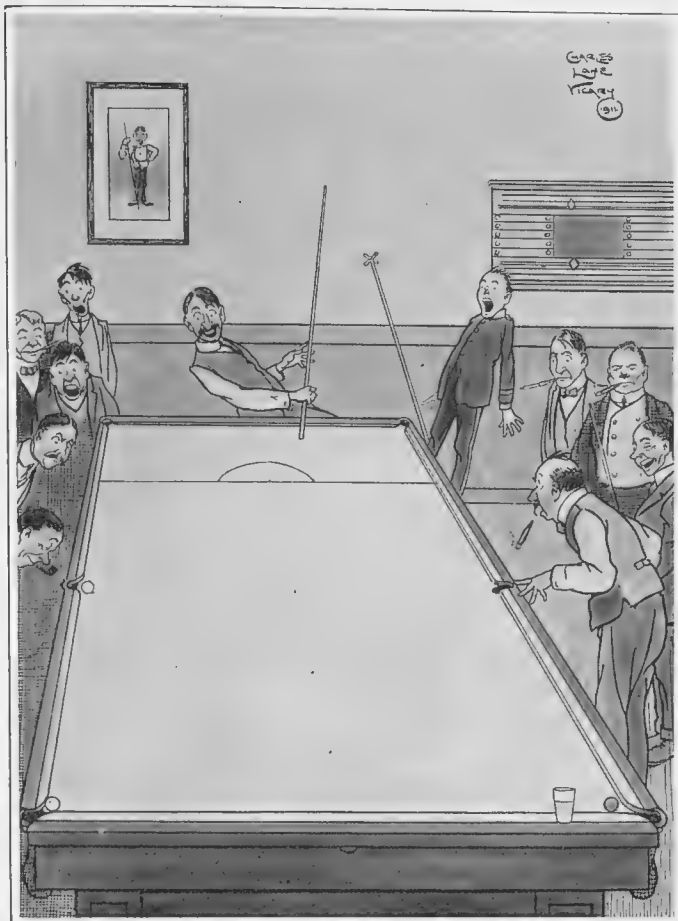


A PERCH OF "POP" PRIVILEGE: THE WALL AT ETON WHEREON MEMBERS OF "POP" HAVE A SPECIAL RIGHT TO SIT.

This year is the hundredth anniversary of the Eton society so universally known as "Pop." A great gathering of old and new members assembled to celebrate the centenary, and many interesting revelations were made by Lord Rosebery and Lord Curzon of the inner workings of this privileged community. Lord Curzon reminded his hearers that Mr. Gladstone showed him a spot on the wall where, at the time he was a member of "Pop," he carved his own name on the stone. He added that Mr. Gladstone's name, by the continual wearing of the wall by the trousers of succeeding generations of members of "Pop," has now become entirely obliterated.—[Photograph by Hills and Saunders.]

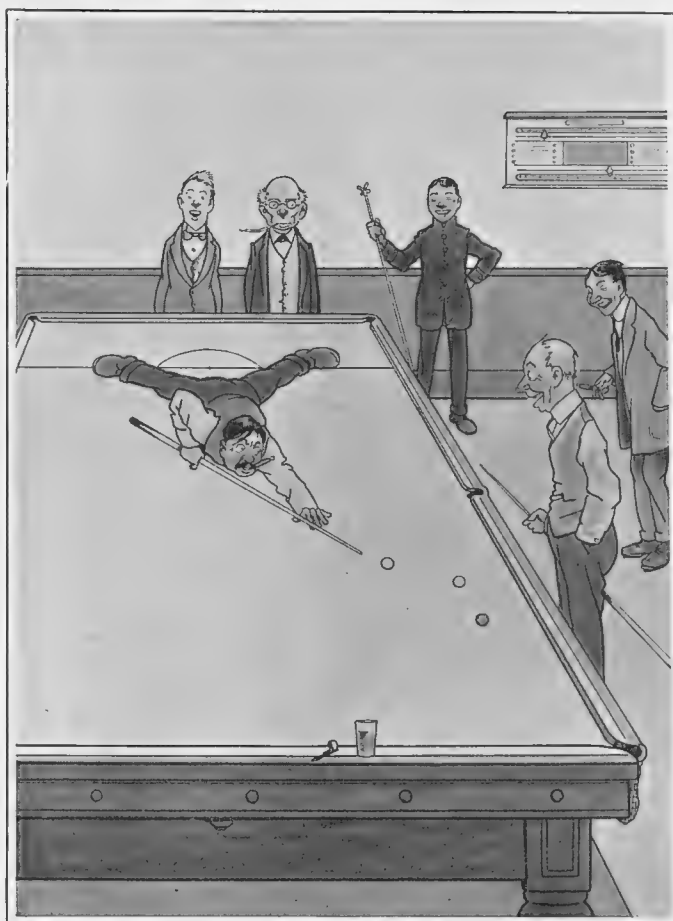
\* "A History of Eton College (1540-1910)." By Sir H. C. Maxwell Lyte. Revised throughout and greatly enlarged. (Macmillan, 21s. net.)

CUES AND MEWS.



NUISANCES WE HAVE MET AT THE BILLIARD-TABLE: THE MAN WHO PUTS DOWN ALL THREE BALLS AND SAYS HE TRIED FOR IT.

DRAWN BY CHARLES LANE VICARY.



NON-STRIKER: 'Ere, that's a foul.

STRIKER: What d'yer mean? I got my foot in baulk, ain't I?

DRAWN BY CHARLES LANE VICARY.



THE SEASIDE SEASON: THE LANDLADY PURCHASES A CAT (IN CASE THE LODGER'S LEG OF MUTTON MAY LAST TOO LONG).

DRAWN BY ALFRED LEETE.



THE SEASIDE SEASON: BEAUTIFUL PICTURE OF A VISITOR RETIRING TO BED DURING THE HOLIDAY.

DRAWN BY ALFRED LEETE.





# A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL

## THE BOX OF OPIUM.

By ALBERT DORRINGTON.

THE sweating line of caravans moved steadily across the flat. A screen of red dust shrouded the two harnessed camels in front, a dust that choked and grew bitter on the palate. The central wagon held a dozen performing dogs that yelped at intervals with their muzzles against the iron bars. The mammoth circus tent was housed upon a car. In the rear, drawn by a dust-coated elephant, came the tiger's cage. An Afghan driver squatted on the elephant's shoulder, his head swaying from side to side as the great beast strained forward over the wind-piled drifts. Occasionally the out-sweeping trunk curled upwards towards the dozing Afghan, breathing a mournful request that sounded like wind in a chimney. In response the turbaned driver permitted his goad to pinch its huge frontal bone.

"Water wantest thou? Wa Allah, am I a mountain spring for thee to suck! Lift thy ugly feet, for thou weariest me and the son of Bengal behind!"

The elephant flinched at the mahout's words; a long-drawn sigh escaped in the still, hot air.

A sudden halt occurred in front. The caravans had reached the main road which followed a dry creek-bed into Crushing Flat. At that moment a boy wearing a blue-flannel shirt and knickers dropped from the steps of a near van and ran hurriedly towards the elephant. Meeting the Afghan's eye, he saluted with mock gravity.

"Say, Ahmed Khan, father wants you to lend him a nickel. He's going to buy a dog when we get to the Flat."

The boy wore a circle of dust under his eyes, and his milk-white teeth flashed good-humouredly. He was the son of Jan Marken, the tiger-tamer, and the Afghan regarded him with a friendly eye as he searched in the folds of his long blue garments.

"Thy father oweth me a dollar already, Chris Marken, but I will yet lend him another nickel."

With the skill of a conjurer, he spun the coin down into the boy's palm. The proximity of the tamer's son affected the elephant strangely. Its great ears seemed to stiffen suddenly as it rocked nervously to and fro. The sharp-eyed mahout was not slow to observe the animal's unrest. He stared shrewdly at the grinning boy. "Thou hast been teasing my beast, thou. . . .!"

The tamer's son retreated nimbly from the elephant's swaying trunk.

"It wasn't me, Ahmed Khan!" he declared vehemently. "It was Nick Cassidy's kid that dropped a live locust in Sultan's ear last night. My . . . I wouldn't go near your beast, Ahmed!"

"A live locust in the ear of my prince! By Allah, how wouldst thou like a flea in thine?"

The Afghan leaned over, eyeing the boy closely. "Thou little thug, take care how you tease my mountain of strength, or he may kill thee and the Cassidy brat!"

The mahout's sternness relaxed by degrees. "I have a son like thee beyond the Khyber, but he is not so fair." He balanced his goad above the elephant's head. "Go now to thy father, Chris; thou hast the dog-money. By the Prophet, there is not much iced beer in a nickel. Yet . . . he may send to me again when the thirst returns."

The goad smote tenderly on the wrinkled flesh behind the great ear, and the elephant swung forward in response, hauling the big ring-cage towards Crushing Flat.

By midday Hakeman's Hippodrome had camped near the edge of Battery Gully. A half-holiday had been proclaimed in the township, for it was years since anything larger than a variety show had ventured there. Hakeman, the proprietor, was an American, who

had once worked as an under-keeper for Barnum. In his younger days he had thrown meat to the lions at the big Coney Island shows, while in England he had played the parts of clown and ringmaster for Myers and Sangers.

Hakeman worked like a giant among the shifting folds of the mammoth tent. Stepping back into the road, he wolfed a cigar between his teeth and surveyed the chaos of flags and vans with a darkening eye. Some men find pleasure in politics, or in the manipulation of stocks and shares. Hakeman breathed only when the big tent hung straight and the British and American flags flaunted over it.

At that moment a range-rider appeared on the brow of a near hill. For a period of six heart-beats he remained motionless as an image in the hot sunlight, while his questing eyes picked out the caravans sprawling in a semicircle below. A half-heard exclamation broke from him as he gesticulated fiercely to an unseen comrade in the background. His horse fairly leapt out of sight.

Immediately from the scrub-lined road beyond the hill-crest came the loud rattle of whips, followed by the hoarse bellowing of cattle on the run. Three frantic stock-hands galloped into view in their mad effort to head off the onrushing herd. They were too late. A squadron of foaming beasts thundered over the hill and down upon the out-spanning circus. With them rode the furious stock-hands, sending back volleys of sounds with their snake-like whips, and cursing the smell of the carnivora which had struck into the nostrils of the cattle mob.

Hakeman in his shirt-sleeves suddenly observed the tempest of hoofs and horns whirling in his direction. With a snarl of surprise he flung away his cigar and turned to where the high-roofed tiger-cage stood in the centre of the road.

"Hi, you Ahmed the elephant-man, you're in the way of those blamed cows!"

His voice was as the blast of a befogged liner.

The mahout looked once at the red tornado of dust and onrushing beasts, and then with a stroke of his iron drove his elephant towards the inner circle of wagons. And not a moment too soon. A hundred dust-blinded steers crashed past, flinging hoof-torn earth and stones in the faces of the petrified circus-hands. A bullock with a broken horn and a blood-smear on its chest rolled from the swerving mob and stared dumbly at the cages. Then with a moan it fell under the elephant's flanks. The elephant trumpeted hysterically, but Ahmed Khan, with the courage of his kind, smote his beast with iron and words.

"Stand steady, thou child of Jehannum! By Allah, a goat would frighten thee! These be only kine. Look to it that no harm befall our royal charge. The son of Bengal is a beast of price."

Hakeman strolled among the members of his company, a freshly lit cigar in his mouth.

"Be gahde, boys, the cows nearly had us, sure. Guess they'd have pounded up my pet-man-eater if Ahmed hadn't got from under."

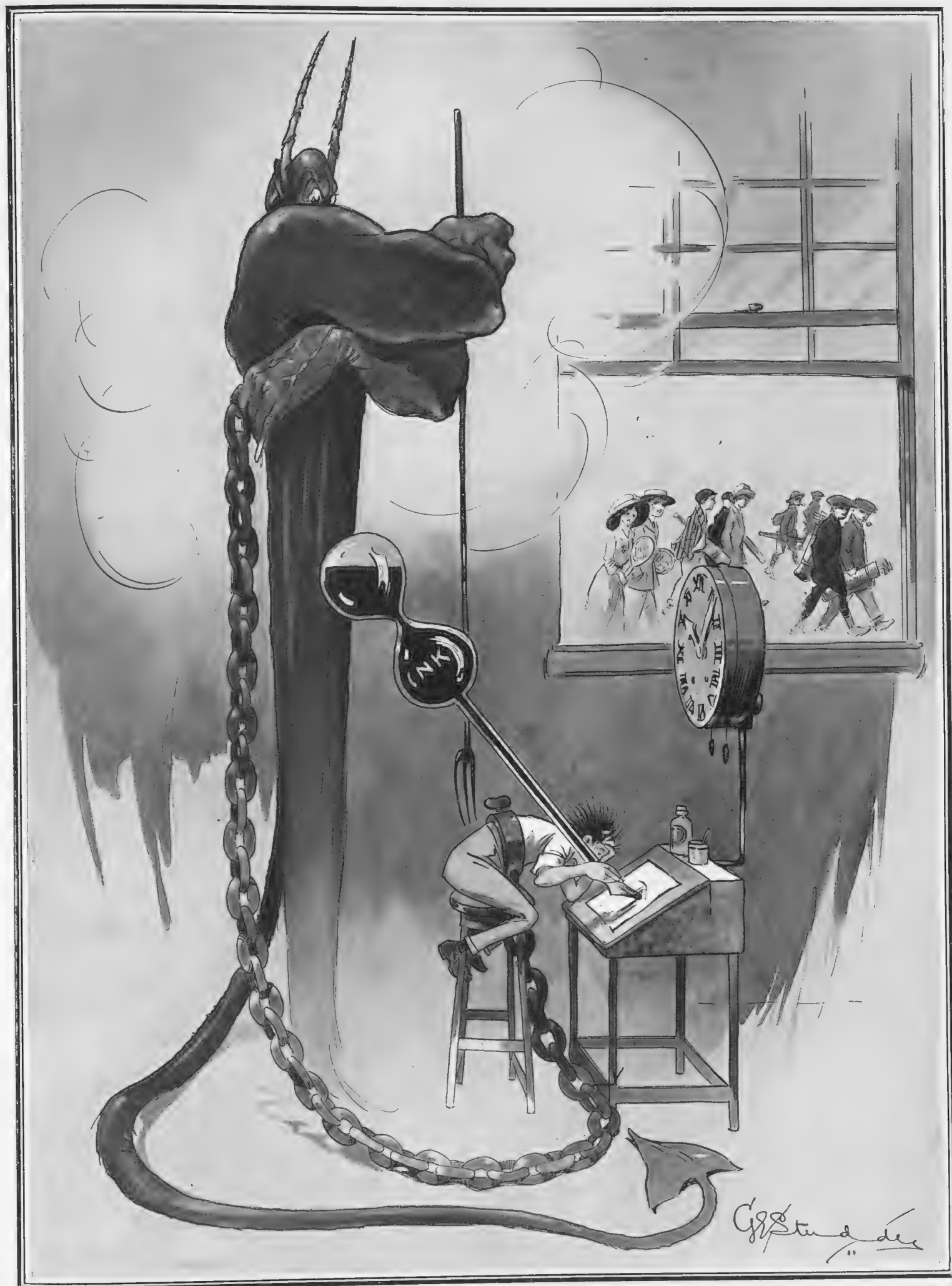
A sun-tanned stripling rode from the near cotton-woods where the last crazy steer had vanished in the red whirlwind. There were triple-barred initials on his horse's shoulder, indicating its famous Montana breeding-camp. He loped in among the huddle of circus-wagons and shook his fist at Hakeman.

"See what your menagerie's done for us. We're from Medicine Hat, and we never lost a horn till we met you with your camels and caged horrors fit to frighten the Almighty!"

[Continued overleaf.]

## Sensations We Particularly Dislike:

Materialised by G. Q. Studdy.





His head fell forward almost to the saddle, and his loud sobbing was heard far down the circus. Hakeman approached him, a look of genuine regret in his eyes.

"Be gahde, boy, I'm real sorry! I know the cows don't enjoy the smell of a tiger. You see, I can't carry a semaphore to tell cattlemen that we're camping out with our lions. And cows haven't got no sense of humour nowadays."

Night came to soothe the nerve-broken party of circus people on the flat. The distant hills seemed to breathe under the star-whitened firmament like a woman resting from the intolerable heat of noon. Troops of miners, with here and there a few excited women and children from the outlying townships, hurried into the huge tent to take their seats around the thickly sawdusted ring.

At first they gaped at the sleek Indian wolves sidling from corner to corner of their dens, at the sloth-bear lolling against its greasy bars. The hyena, which never looks man in the face, concealed itself in its house, refusing to exchange glances with the scoffing, bronze-hued denizens of Crushing Flat. But the joy of the evening was the large kindly elephant picketed near the ring entrance.

A small tent, pitched in one of the dark recesses between the wagons, was occupied by Jan Marken and his family. Herr Marken was the most important member of the company. It was his duty to enter the tiger's cage and compel it to leap through a burning hoop. Tiger-taming, considered as a profession, is no more dangerous than whaling, or any other deep-sea trade. But some tamers take their business seriously, and they are apt to become over-abusive when the striped man-eater will not come to heel. Constant friction with half-tamed animals had brittled Marken's nerves; he had become sullenly watchful; the clash of a falling bar or a sudden shout set him a-quiver. In his younger days he had entered cages with the air of a sportsman, and he was never slow to drive his boot against a lion's jaw when it ran counter to his will. In later years, however, he was inclined to temporise with beasts, and they grew subtle in attempts to kill him. Marken's "turn" was almost the last item on the programme. The applause from the circus broke upon him with deafening insistence. Two fair-haired children crawled about the tent floor and struggled occasionally for possession of a heavy-thonged brass-mounted whip, while the tamer and his wife played cards to fill in the long wait.

Marken was a heavy-shouldered Hollander. The flesh under his eyes was slack and livid. The company of acrobats who slept in the adjoining tent complained that Marken shouted in his sleep. The tamer's hand shook as he threw down an ace, while a sudden cage-like odour drifted in upon them. Madame Marken rose quietly and pulled down the tent-flap. The smell of beasts was intolerable to her.

"Der animals vas excited to-night, Jan. Dey haf not forgot der cattle dot come round us to-day. It vas a horrible sight." Madame resumed her seat on a biscuit-box and took up her cards.

Marken frowned. "Der vas always something to excite dem. My beast vas put out, I think. De fool Ahmed left der ring-cage standin' in der road. Ahmed haf a soft yob; der elephant gif him no trouble."

"Der Lascar man always get der soft yobs," said Madame pettishly. "It vas us white peoples dot haf to pull der tiger's tail. Ahmed haf a softer yob than us, Jan." With a caressing movement she smoothed back the grizzled curls that clung to his brow. He glanced at her and coughed.

"Der vas a man in dis circus who was after my yob, vrouw. He vas always pokin' about de cage. He say to me yesterday, 'Jan, I wish you would let me go in mit you some day.'"

The tamer played on steadily. Madame watched him, a nameless dread in her eyes. "I tink you vas gettin' nervous, Jan. You smoke too much, und der coffee you take vas always black."

"Hush, vrouw! You must nod let der circus beople hear you say dot. Hakeman would not like it."

The two children crawled outside, unnoticed, to the flaring lamps, where Ahmed Khan sat smoking at the circus entrance.

The boy in the moleskin knickers and the blue-flannel shirt crept noiselessly into the tent and lay on the ground at his father's feet.

Marken glanced round hurriedly. "Where was der oder children? I did not see dem go out."

Madame put away the cards hastily. "I tink dey vas in de circus, Jan. I cannot see dem when dey creep from here." She slipped out and hurried towards the mammoth tent.

Marken rose heavily from his seat, his large hands resting on his hips. He stopped near the swinging tent-lamp and adjusted it carefully. Afar off he heard the ring-manager's voice calling to the performing dogs. Returning to his seat, he sat down again and listened. A soft "pad-pad" from the adjoining cage caught his ear, then the sound of a paw striking the bars rang dully across the dark open space.

"Hear him, father." The boy lay with his head to the ground, his right arm thrown lazily forward. "Listen! He knows his turn's coming. They fed him early to-day. He got an extra piece of bullock for his share, an' he ran round an' round the cage tearing it to pieces. Hear him now?"

From the darkness outside came the "whoof, whoof" of the breathing tiger as it padded ceaselessly across the cage. In the silence that followed they heard the manlike cough of the hyena, the clatter of a bone jerked noisily from the corner of a den.

"Dis vas a horrible trade!" A look of unutterable hatred came into the tamer's eyes. He crept swiftly from the tent, stooped under a cage-awning, and stared through the bars at a pair of fireballs that seemed to await his coming.

"Hell-dog, be still!" The fireballs appeared to retreat a little. Marken turned away. In a flash the tiger flung itself against the bars, its claws striking within a foot of his sleeve.

Marken flinched. The fury vanished from his eyes. His tongue grew dry against his palate, but the sudden hate which sometimes lifts a bulleted soldier to his elbow seized him.

"By Gott! . . . you shall see yet!" He nodded at the fireballs. "You shall see who is afraid"; and he smote himself across the heart with his fist.

Madame sighed as she entered the tent, and brought his spangled clothes from a bag. Carrying them to the opening, she brushed them carefully. "Dey smell of der tiger, Jan," she said, placing them before him.

Jan made no reply. He was kneeling beside an open portmanteau, tossing the contents with feverish energy to the floor.

"What are you looking for, Jan?"

"For der leedle box, der leedle black box; vere is der leedle black box?" He cast away the bag in nervous haste, and thrust his fingers into a half-open trunk on the floor. "Vere is der black box, vrouw?"

She saw with a woman's keenness the sudden flash of despair in his eyes, the hatred of the work that chained him to a jungle beast. "I do not remember the leedle box, Jan. Does it matter so much?"

His jaw slackened. The skin of his face seemed to shrivel and age. He stared into the trunk as one looking into a grave.

A boy in circus livery peeped inside the tent. "Hurry up, Marken," he said briskly; "they'll be waiting for you in a minute."

Marken struck the air with his empty hand. "Someone haf been here, vrouw. . . . My leedle box; someone haf stolen it."

The noise of wheels went past—slow, grinding wheels, that broke upon Marken like the sound of artillery. The voice of Ahmed Khan rang clear in the darkness as the yoked elephant swung into the ring, drawing the Bengal tiger into the full glare of the light.

The ringmaster cracked his whip cheerfully while the clown somersaulted to and fro across the sawdusted arena.

"Why do you hesitate, Jan? Why do you not go at de call?" Madame half-pushed him forward. "Go at de call. Dey vill say things about you."

In their sixteen years of married life, Madame had never known him to flinch from his duty. Always Jan had gone forward at the word. Something had happened—she knew not what.

The small orchestra struck up "The Star-Spangled Banner" as the tamer staggered into the ring. The tiger, erect in its cage, stealthily watched his approach, for it had learned to hate the scorching hoop and the dreadful human voice that shouted in its ear.

Marken saw the thousand eyes turned towards him, and to-night each face stood out with revolting distinctness. His sick brain received a savage impression of the blood-greed that quivered in the nostrils of the multitude. The tiger, its ears flattened, seemed to move on its belly as he drew near. Jan halted in the centre of the ring to adjust his bootlace. A taste, sour as of death, took him like a bullet in the throat.

The cage-steps seemed high as mountains. He was subtly conscious of the manager's footsteps in his rear, of his peremptory voice calling his attention to the business in hand. A metallic numbness gripped his knees; he tried desperately to ascend the steps, and as he stood near the iron door he heard the manager again at his elbow.

"Marken, you've been drinking. You are spoiling the show." The words were snapped in his ear.

Jan drew himself up to the second step, and turned his livid face to the throng. "Id vas a lie, Sir, a lie. . . .!"

His fingers grew slack on the iron gate; he pitched forward into the sawdust at the manager's feet.

The doctor said the cause of death was heart-failure; and he told the shivering Dutchwoman that Marken ought to have left the taming business ten years before.

A crowd of sympathisers gathered round the small tent. Ahmed Khan, bearing one of the tamer's children on his shoulder, lounged forward and placed it inside. Then he salaamed.

"I found thy child playing in the dust with this."

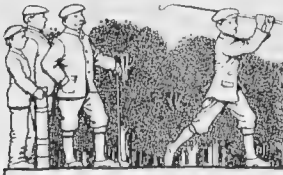
He handed a small black box to Madame. She stared at it dully and remembered.

"The box is full of opium," whispered the mahout. "It is not good for thy child to play with."

He swung from the crowded tent and crossed the ring. Bates, the under-keeper, followed hungrily in quest of information. "Say, Ahmed," he called, "it was pure funk that killed poor Marken—nothing but funk. I knew it all along."

"Liar, thou!" The mahout stalked towards the elephant's quarters. "He was the bravest of us all."

THE END.



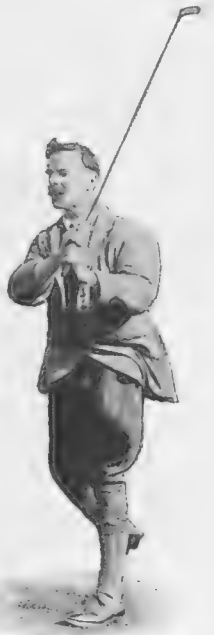
# ON THE LINKS

By HENRY LEACH.

## More Summer Difficulties.

Mention of special strokes for golf in summer days reminds one that long grass—the treatment of which, when the ball became embedded in it, we were discussing last week—is not the only cause of anxiety in this droughty season. But it is a serious one, for in my own personal experience during the last week or two I have found this brutal stuff to be far less amenable to ordinary forceful treatment than it is in the humid days of such a summer as was inflicted upon us last year. Long grass soft and long grass dry and hard are two very different propositions. In the one case your light iron or even your spoon or brassey may slip through the stuff easily and pleasantly and rattle the ball away without any ado, but in the other you feel often that the club has got among an entanglement of wires. Certain short and flat-bladed grasses may not change their properties very much under summer heat, but those of the tubular kind, something between ordinary grass and rushes, become exceedingly difficult to deal with, and demand the application of about twice as

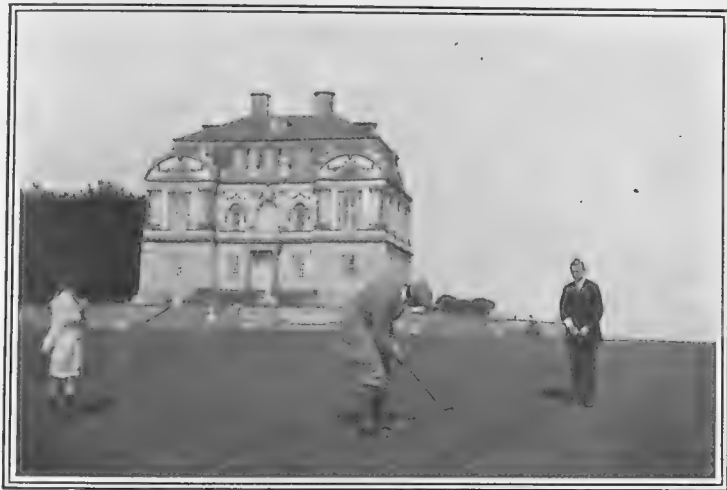
extent that you like to do even in the case of a brassey shot. Come to the turf half an inch before the ball, and up bounces the club from the adamant surface and makes a maddening half-top of the shot, and the next club that is wanted is the niblick. I have mentioned before a round-soled, much-laid-back brassey that James Braid contrived a few seasons back for dealing with such circumstances, and for playing the game in frosty weather, and for removing the ball from cuppy lies. It is an excellent thing for these days, and though the club has been slow at starting, as it were, it is coming into much popularity. A little while since I saw some most excellent models that had been manufactured at Westward Ho! They are clubs that give confidence. But really one gets so much run on the ball in these days that most times a good driving cleek is almost as good as anything else for long play through the green, and it is infinitely safer. A powerful driving iron, with a weighty head just a little laid back in the face and with the weight thrown down as low as possible by means of a thin grip and a shaft as slender as is practicable, is a splendidly useful club at the present moment.



TOM VARDON'S SUCCESSOR AS PROFESSIONAL TO THE ROYAL ST. GEORGE'S CLUB, SANDWICH: FRED WHITING.

Fred Whiting, who has been appointed professional at the Royal St. George's Club, Sandwich, in succession to Tom Vardon, is a native of Worcester, where he was born in 1874. He has been lately professional and clubmaker to the West Cornwall Club, at Lelant. The post of professional at the Royal St. George's Club had been vacant since the departure of Tom Vardon to America about two months ago. Fred Whiting makes a specialty of socket clubs.

Photo. by Illustrations Bureau.



GOLF IN DENMARK: PUTTING ON THE NINTH GREEN OF THE EREMITAGE GOLF LINKS, NEAR COPENHAGEN.

Photograph supplied by C. Ph. Seidelin.

much wrist-power as usual to the recovery shot. It is a good moral: study your long grass. For my part, whether my opponent is a great player, or something less than that, there is nothing I like better, nothing that is more genuinely encouraging, than to find him taking his brassey in the long grass in these days. It is six to one against him every time. I believe that half the men who use wood in such difficult circumstances do so in a spirit of bravado. However well the stroke comes off, a heavy cleek would almost certainly do the business better.

## Iron Through the Green.

Now that leads one to urge at once upon our summer players on parched links the desirability of considering whether it would not pay them better at the present time to use cleeks, driving-irons, and driving-mashies through the green rather than the wooden clubs to which they resort conventionally and as a matter of course. The grass is shrunk and withered, the ball lies low down, touching the soil beneath it instead of being held up by sappy blades, and that soil is very little better than caked dust. Not only is the most perfectly clean hitting demanded, but it is practically impossible to get under the ball to that very slight

## A Modified Mashie-Niblick.

But the circumstances of the time indicate very clearly the use of two other clubs which may not have permanent occupation in the bag. It is magician's work to play a pitch shot of seventy or eighty yards just now and make the ball stay on the green. It is only done by a fluke. Even the professionals often say that the conditions beat them. For shorter distances than that which I have suggested the niblick is used with confidence and satisfaction. About a season or two back a kind of large mashie-niblick, with a curved sole and some other slight modifications, made its appearance on Yorkshire and Midland golfing-grounds. They called it the "Pitcher," and J. H. Taylor, thinking well of the idea, made an adaptation of it which he christened the "Quickstop." In a thoughtless kind of way, I added one of these clubs to my armoury, and am now daily blessing the impulse that made me do so. One's first impression is that such a club should only be used for the very shortest pitches and certain work in long or fluffy grass, or in bunks when the ball is lying fairly clean; but I—and others far better than I am—have got into the way of using it for quite long approaches (up to a hundred and thirty yards or more with the wind behind), and get the most splendid results. I

have always believed that the chief reason why the ordinary amateur fails as he does with his mashie is because of the shortness and slowness of the stroke and the lightness of club, which makes it difficult to control. This one we are speaking of is a heavy thing, and it gives a feeling of sublime confidence. Among iron clubs I am convinced it is the most all-round useful thing for the summer time.



THE ROYAL AND ANCIENT GAME IN A ROYAL DANISH DEER PARK: APPROACHING THE FIRST GREEN ON THE EREMITAGE LINKS, COPENHAGEN.

The links of the Copenhagen Golf Club are situated in the deer park near Klampenborg, in front of the royal hunting box, Eremitagen, which is seen in the photographs.—[Photograph supplied by C. Ph. Seidelin.]



# FRIVOLITIES OF PHRYNETTE

## THE FASCINATION OF OXFORD.

By MARTHE TROLY-CURTIN.

*Author of "Phrynette and London."*

IS there any college for girls in Oxford, and would they take in married girls as well? I am afraid not: in Christ Church, with its meadows and serpentine walk along the Isis, nor in New College, with its delightful green garden and frittering walls. I would give anything to live amongst those dear grey stones, to peep through those slits of windows, and lose myself

in those tortuous passages wherein your own voice does not know itself. I want a college, I want it so. Austen says it's not for sale; but perhaps I could take rooms there, some of those delightful rooms that smell of tobacco and mustiness, and look as if there never existed tiresome people with the duster-and-broom mania.

I don't think it's cricket to show me lovely things, and then say I may not have them. I am not a helpless infant to be safely tantalised with ticking watches and umbrella knobs! So after seeing three colleges—"Maudlin," Christ Church, and New College—I

There are the very same insects in all riverside inns—baby mosquitoes, débutante flies, and those *éphémères* dancing in the air like winged dust. Butter has for all these a fatal fascination. I wanted badly to stay at the Isis Hotel for the night, but there was only one room; so where was poor Tréville to perch until to-morrow? I suggested a tent on the lawn, and I think Tréville would dearly have liked it, but Austen would not hear of it—"Camping out is all right for English people, but a Frenchman would catch his death of cold."

"Cold! It's a suffocating night. I was afraid there would be nothing left of Tréville after to-day's evaporation but a skeleton in a blue shirt."

"It's hot; but if French people believe, as well you know, that night air is bad for them, then it's bad for them. I don't want to have Tréville's whooping-cough on my conscience. Besides, we have no luggage."

As we failed to follow his train of



A LITTLE ENGLISH BALKAN PRINCESS OF THE YOUNGER GENERATION: PRINCESS ILEANA OF ROUMANIA.

Princess Ileana, who was born at Bucharest on Dec. 23, 1908, is the youngest of the five children of the Crown Prince and Princess of Roumania. We give on another page a portrait of her mother, who is a first cousin of King George. Princess Ileana has two brothers, Princes Charles and Nicholas, and two sisters, Princesses Elizabeth and Marie.—[Photograph by Franz Mandy.]



NIECE AND NEPHEW OF THE QUEEN: PRINCESS MAY AND PRINCE RUPERT, THE CHILDREN OF PRINCE ALEXANDER OF TECK.

Prince Alexander of Teck, the Queen's brother, married, in 1904, Princess Alice of Albany, daughter of the late Duke of Albany and sister of the present Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha. Their two children are Princess May Helen Emma, born on Jan. 23, 1906; and Prince Rupert Alexander George Augustus, born on Aug. 24, 1907.

*Photograph by Sorrell.*

simply refused to see any more which might have proved still more desirable, and we went on the river. It was Tréville, to his great satisfaction and our awful trepidation, who, gaunt and insecure like the Pisa tower, took charge of the punt. Austen, of course, can't punt because of his poor missing arm. I can manage a pole pretty well myself, but the conditions must be favourable. The sun must not be too fierce, so as not to oblige me to open my sunshade; my skirt must be wide enough for proper equilibrium; my heels must be uncompromisingly anti-Louis; and, finally, there must be no one about, or else self-consciousness makes me perform the most odious idiocies. As for those hateful steam-launches, full of bottles and baskets and gaping people, they simply cause me to sit with velocity on the floor of the punt, grip its two sides, and wait for the waves with closed eyes, while my pole, left to its own caprice, always manages to be picked up by some good-looking young man or other, who brings it back most chivalrously. Nowhere is there such a collection of good-looking young men as on an English river.

We stopped in front of the Isis Hotel. I suppose the punt, like a horse-bus in familiar surroundings, really stopped of itself, for Tréville, who was punting for the first time in his life, could not have possibly managed it otherwise. We had a most delicious tea in the garden overlooking the river—a tea you never get at home, with sandy lettuce and bread-and-butter liberally sprinkled with various insects, the names of which I don't know, but which I could tell by their taste.



ONLY CHILD OF REAR-ADMIRAL SIR ALFRED PAGET AND LADY PAGET: MISS HONOR PAGET. Sir Alfred Paget, who is a son of the late General Lord Alfred Paget, and a grandson of the first Marquess of Anglesey, married, in 1906, Miss Viti Macgregor, daughter of Sir William Macgregor, Governor of Queensland. Miss Honor Paget is their only child.—[Photograph by Lallie Charles.]

thought, he gave us particulars and anecdotes; but though, as a rule, I trust my husband's veracity, I cannot—nor can Tréville—swallow what Austen told us about prudish English hotel-keepers and luggageless travellers. It seems—but there, I am only repeating what he said—it seems that any couple, be they married before all the altars and registrars of the five parts of the world, may be refused admittance at any hotel unless they have been thoughtful enough to provide themselves with luggage; but, on the other hand, any adventuress or merely any couple who—hum! what shall I say?—do not fulfil all the conditions enumerated above, will be welcomed with open arms if they can but produce a passport in the shape of a portmanteau or a handbag.

Seeing Tréville airing his best Parisian scepticism, Austen told us next this story, which happened to himself—you may disbelieve if you like. Some years ago, my husband wished to sublet his rooms in some bachelors' chambers, and sent in an advertisement to a London paper. The advertisement was returned to him with an explanatory note pointing out that his mention of "lift all night" was not quite respectable—in fact, might seem actually suspicious. Lift all night, indeed! . . . Pooh-bah! . . . Lift to perdition! You being English, readers of mine, may recognise, understand, and believe, but Tréville merely shrugged his shoulders and muttered, "Allons donc." I am afraid he is very near thinking I have married, not an Englishman, but a Marseillais.

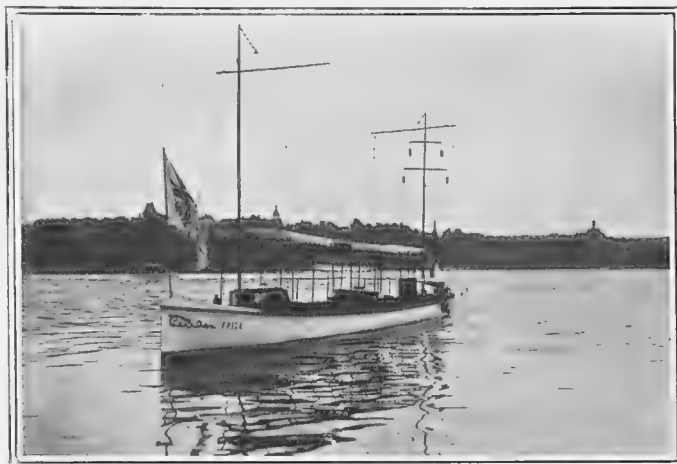
# THE WHEEL AND THE WING

## Silencers for Aeroplanes.

The question of silencers for use with aeroplane engines is at the moment very much to the fore, more particularly with those who live in the neighbourhood of flying-grounds and are awakened in the small hours by the volleys of Maxim-like reports from the engines of those aviators taking a pre-breakfast constitutional in the still morning air. Considering the excessive discomfort caused by these rapid, ear-splitting discharges to the flying-man himself, it is curious that he has not taken the matter into his own hands, and insisted upon the fitting of effective silencers, without waiting for pressure from outside. It cannot be said that effective silencers—effective both in silencing the engine and affording no back-pressure likely to reduce the efficiency of the motor—are impossible or unobtainable. Some years ago two or three silencers submitted to test by the Automobile Club of France actually improved the *rendement* of the engines to which they were fitted. Another point which surely should prejudice aviators in favour of silencers is the fact that they would be able to hear first how their engines were running, which is an impossibility where the open exhaust obtains. It seems to me that silencers that will really silence must be fitted to the engines of aeroplanes intended for military work, or the usefulness of these machines for war purposes will be reduced by fifty per cent.

**Pluck Indeed!** What may be termed *sang-froid extraordinaire* is chronicled in a little French aerial journal, *La Revue Aérienne*, for the present month. It would appear that a Lieutenant Ludmann, Chief of Military Aviation at Douai, accompanied by a sapper named Deville, left La Brayelle early one morning on a Brégué biplane for Rheims. Engine trouble of a minor character obliged the pair of aviators to descend for a short time at Catelet (Aisne), but shortly after the resumption of the flight, when some 1800 feet aloft over Cambrai, the Sapper Deville noticed that a nut securing the magneto had come adrift and that that apparatus was not operating properly. He tried by signs to acquaint his officer with what had happened, and the engine was stopped for a moment in order that the Lieutenant might hear what his companion wanted to say. But the officer, being anxious to reach Rheims without coming again to earth, switched on and continued the journey. As the magneto continued to shake looser and looser, and the situation was clearly becoming critical, the Sapper drew out his pocket-book and wrote thereon—“If we fall, it should be

caused by the magneto coming adrift and ceasing to operate, and that there is no blame due to the handling or conduct of the machine.” So, with death staring him in the face, this gallant soldier had no thought but in case of accident to absolve his officer from blame.



A BOAT THAT NEEDS NO CREW: THE ELECTRIC MOTOR-BOAT “FRIDA,” WHICH CAN BE WORKED FROM THE SHORE, ON THE WANNSEE, NEAR BERLIN.

One of the most wonderful of modern naval inventions is embodied in the new motor-boat “Frida,” here seen on the Wannsee, the well-known lake near Berlin. It has an electric apparatus on board, which can be worked entirely from an electrical station on the shore, thus dispensing with the services of a crew. The way the vessel can be manipulated without a soul on board, and steered among other boats, is positively uncanny.

ing, if not a sunstroke. With the modern scuttle-dash and high-sided bodies, the front seat is likely to prove as an oven unless the doors are dismounted. Here and there a few body-makers are providing louvre ventilators to the dashboard, and, given

another summer like the present, they will, as a body, come to easily detachable doors, such as I have seen on several occasions fitted to Napier bodies.

## Hydro-Aeroplanes.

In a speech made lately at Shoreham, Mr. Arthur Wingfield made special reference to the progress taking place in the United States and on the Continent in the design and construction of hydro-aeroplanes, and suggested that very shortly aerodromes situated on the seashore would greatly profit by the advance of these machines. It is not improbable that the advent of a really practical, automatically stable hydro-aeroplane would increase the number of those taking up aviation by hundreds. Learning and falling would surely be much less serious matters if both were performed upon and over the water, into which a tumble, even when one occurred, could not result so seriously as a rapid descent upon the hard, unyielding

ground. In such case it would not be the seaside aerodrome that would score, but those established on the shores of placid inland waters like the Norfolk Broads, or the lakes, or even the Welsh Harp at Hendon.

[Continued on a later page.]



MUCH IMPRESSED WITH THE FRIENDLY WELCOME OF THE BRITISH MOTORISTS IN GERMANY: SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE IN HIS CAR DURING THE PRINCE HENRY TOUR.

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, who took part in the Prince Henry Motor Tour, was greatly impressed with the very friendly reception accorded to the British competitors in Germany during the first part of the tour. In a letter to the “Times,” recently, he said, “No one can possibly doubt that we received a true message of good-will for England,” and he expressed the hope that the people of this country would reciprocate by giving the German competitors an equally hearty welcome on British soil. The tourists, it will be remembered, finished their trip in London on Wednesday, after having driven from Southampton to Scotland and back.—[Photograph by Jansen.]





By CAPTAIN COE.

**August Racing.** After Goodwood, Brighton, and Lewes—generally termed the "Sussex Fortnight"—have finished, racing is on quiet lines until the Doncaster St. Leger Meeting. This year the second half of the Sussex Fortnight comes into the week before August Bank Holiday, and it may be that the Brighton fixture will suffer to a small extent. The three days' racing on White Hawk Hill will be a success, I have not the slightest doubt, but there may not be the prodigious crowds that are seen when the meeting comes in the great holiday week for the masses. There is no event of national importance at Brighton nowadays, but

the sport is of a very good class. Mr. J. B. Joel year after year wins a fair proportion of the prizes. Last year he had a great success, his colours coming up no fewer than five times. These runs of success are sometimes ascribed to luck, but they are more probably the result of astute calculation and careful training; instances of the same sort are sometimes seen in the case of Lord Derby's horses at Liverpool, Mr. Hibbert's at Nottingham, and Lord Carnarvon's at Newbury. Not often does it happen that Sandown and Kempton provide three successive days' racing,

rivals perfectly fit when in opposition. In the case of Lemberg and Swynford, they have met under such circumstances on three occasions, and on each Lord Derby's colours have triumphed. Whether they should have done so on the first of the three is still a matter of discussion, but it can never be settled, and now that it has been demonstrated that his horse is the better of the pair, the bitterness surrounding the St. Leger defeat of Lemberg is greatly minimised. It looks as though Lord Derby will head the list of winning owners this year, Swynford apparently having another seven or eight thousand pounds at his mercy in the Jockey Club Stakes at Newmarket, in addition to the Champion and Limekiln Stakes.

**Racing Dates.** The Stewards of the Jockey Club recently

issued a notice to the effect that if possible the dates for future races would be issued two seasons in advance. They have promptly acted up to the notice, and we have the full lists for 1912 and 1913. Substantial differences occur in the fixtures from the season now running its course, the most noteworthy being, perhaps, the abolition of Manchester as a solo meeting for the wind-up of the flat-race season. We have become so accustomed to finishing up at Manchester, that it comes somewhat strangely to note that after this year it will have to share its last two days with Lingfield, which means that South and North will jointly celebrate the death of the season. I have no doubt Southerners will greatly appreciate the opportunity, but our friends in the North will probably have some criticism to pass on the new arrangement. The season of 1913 will open strangely, for, owing to Easter falling in the last week in March, we shall have a full week's racing at various centres before "the [mythical] saddling bell on the Carholme" is heard. Two years hence, then, the Lincoln will not be the first big race of the season; to the Queen's Prize will fall that distinction, and it will accordingly have an added importance. Next season, Sandown, Hurst Park, Lingfield, and Gatwick get eight days each, and Kempton nine days, but the last-named will be brought into line with the others in the following season, the day lopped off being the Saturday of the first week in September.

## MONDAY TIPS,

By CAPTAIN COE.

Selections for this week are—Goodwood, to-day: Plate, Martingale II.; Singleton Plate, Aristocracy; Findon Stakes, Covert Side; Sussex Stakes, Royal Tender; King George Stakes, Sunder; Lavant Stakes, Jingling Geordie. Thursday: Drayton Handicap, Rockland or Sunspot; Halknaker Plate, Sangaree; Cup, Mirador or Royal Realm; Selling Plate, Paddington; Rous Memorial Stakes, Javelin; Prince of Wales's Stakes, Farman; Private Triennial, Misfit. Friday: Chichester Plate, Aristocracy; Chesterfield Plate, Eton Boy; Gordon Stakes, Phryxus; Nassau Stakes, Alice; Molecomb Stakes, Adula filly. Alexandra Park, Saturday: Welter, Chelys colt; Municipal Handicap, Icy Cup; Moderate Welter, Smasher; Three-Year Handicap, Noorna; Maiden Plate, Prim Simon.



THE EQUINE JACK. JOHNSON, DICK TURPIN'S BLACK BESS HAVING A GOLD TOOTH PUT IN.

Black Bess, the mare that plays the leading part in Mr. Fred Ginnett's dramatic sketch, "Dick Turpin's Ride to York," recently broke a front tooth while travelling from Sheffield to London. It was replaced by a gold one, and the photograph shows the operation being performed with the assistance of a man with a pitchfork, a new and somewhat alarming weapon in the hands of a dentist.—[Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.]

but that is the case in the second week of August. After the expiration of that week begins the Northern Circuit, comprising Redcar, Stockton, and York.

**Settled.** Amongst the questions definitely settled by this season's racing is that of supremacy between the four-year-olds. This had been in keen dispute from the date of last year's St. Leger. The decisive victory of Lemberg in the Coronation Cup at Epsom this year finished the matter for a good many people, including myself, but our triumph was short lived, and on two subsequent occasions Swynford has demonstrated that he is the better animal. He has always been a vastly different horse in the middle and late season than in the spring, his improvement both last and this year dating from about Ascot time. If Mr. Fairie is given to reflecting over the successes and failures of his horses, he probably thinks it a queer stroke of fortune that the best horse in the Derby of 1909, his Bayardo, was unplaced, and that the best horse in the Derby of 1910, won by Lemberg, was Swynford. Climatic and physical conditions in the early part of each year played their part, as they always do more or less importantly, so that it is only on rare occasions that we see great



WINNERS OF THE KING'S CORONATION CUP AT RANELAGH: THE INDIAN POLO ASSOCIATION TEAM.

The final of the King's Coronation Cup was played at Ranelagh between the Indian Polo Association and the 4th Dragoon Guards. The Indian team won by ten goals to four. The figures in the photograph, from left to right, are: Captain V. Lockett, Captain C. G. Ritson, Captain 'Shah' Mirza Beg, and Captain L. St. C. Cheape.—[Photograph by C.N.]



OF THE CIRENCESTER POLO TEAM, WHICH WON THE COUNTY CUP AT RANELAGH: THE HON. A. HASTINGS.

In the final of the County Cup at Ranelagh the Cirencester team, which consisted of Mr. W. B. C. Burdon, the Hon. A. Hastings, Mr. R. Barker, and Mr. J. S. Mason, beat Rugby by seven goals to three.—[Photograph by C.N.]



By ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

**Thackeray's  
Love-Affairs.**

The love-affairs of great writers of fiction have a sempiternal interest for us, seeing that we are dependent on the novelist for much of our knowledge of the amorist, male and female after its kind. Human beings are so baffling, motives so complex, emotions so fleeting, circumstances so overwhelming, that in real life we never quite know why anything happens at all, or who has pulled the strings which lead to momentous happenings. But the great master of fiction knows, and it is his business to unravel for us the threads of his creatures' love-affairs. To do this with power and conviction, he must have experienced a passion as real as the one he describes. The one love-affair of Charlotte Brontë's life—her attachment for the little Professor in the Brussels school—is narrated in imperishable prose in "Villette." The passion which she never felt—that of Jane Eyre for Rochester—remains a rather absurd and tawdry sentiment. So with Thackeray. Ethel and Clive are real young people; the boy's passion has a genuine ring, for Ethel was drawn from that exquisite young American girl for whom the author of "The Newcomes" conceived so tender and pathetic an affection. But Miss Baxter, of Madison Avenue, New York, was by no means the great man's only inamorata, and it shows what a hold early-Victorian prudery had over the most brilliant intellects that he never enshrined the most famous attachment of his life in any of his novels. Except in "Esmond," no hero of Thackeray's regards with the eyes of affection a married woman.

**Frustrated Poets.**

Scotland, it seems, might have produced a number of female poets of the school, if not of the calibre, of Robert Burns, only that these ladies wrote on the sly, concealing their identity as much as possible. They were mostly—

unlike their illustrious ploughboy contemporary—of high rank, and to write for a living, at the end of the eighteenth century or the beginning of the nineteenth, was held to be an unseemly proceeding. At the first go-off, Lord Byron refused to sell his work; it was only later in life that he haggled like a Jew with his publishers, and lam-pooned Murray for not giving him enough. No one would ever have known that "The Land o' the Leal" was written by Lady Nairne if it had depended on herself, for this beautiful and mournful song was attributed to Burns. "Auld Robin Gray," again, is a heritage of the Anglo-Saxon race, and one wonders if there is a spot in the King's Dominions beyond the Seas or in the United States of America where it is not known and sung, and yet this was the work of a gifted amateur, Lady Anne Lindsay. Possibly she enshrined in this immortal ballad her life-long love for the brilliant but shift

Dundas. It was Lady Anne who, rather late in life, married Mr.

the amusing comment on the Boer ladies of that day that they lacked only at evening parties "shoulders and tact." Lady Anne concealed her authorship of "Auld Robin Gray" with jealous care, and even her letters from the Cape were not published till a few years ago. Lady Grisel Baillie, Alison Rutherford, and Jean Elliot (what beautiful names these feminine poets bore!) were other Scottish ladies who, quietly and without reward, helped to make the national genius and the national dialect famous.

**Why  
Musicians  
Are Happy.**

I have often envied persons of musical temperament for their aloofness, their exceptional detachment from the worries and cares of the workaday world; but now I know, through Mr. A. C. Benson, why it is that these manufacturers of beautiful sounds are so blessed among men. They have, it seems, a "great simplicity of nature, an abundant sensitiveness, and a singularly elementary sense of humour," but these are all attributes which might lead to disaster in life. On the other hand, Mr. Benson assures us that musicians possess "that rather grand stubbornness which comes from the instinctive consciousness of the possession of a real and great truth, a truth which is not apparent at all." This attitude of mind is also that of "Jews, Roman Catholics, men of science, and men of large wealth." I gather that the great truth is harmony and beauty, and that their happiness lies in the fact that they know they have something to say and something to accomplish, and that if they labour their joy is in corresponding proportion. There is the germ of this idea in Sudermann's famous novel, "Das Hohe Lied." It is a curious fact that though a musician fails in his lifetime and dies in a garret, he is nevertheless happy.

**Wanted, a Peace-  
maker.**

All the world knows that the late King Edward earned his enviable title of the "Peace-maker" not because he made truces between warring nations, but because he disliked quarrels and scandals among his friends and relations, and always insisted on their shaking hands and "making it up." Owing to his initiative, one amazing public scandal was ignored, if not hushed up, while more than one divorce suit in exalted circles was, owing to his influence, abandoned by the disputing parties. So kindly and genial an influence made greatly for the amenity of Society, but it requires someone closely in touch with the inner ring and of great social importance to fill so delicate a rôle. With the increasing strain on the nervous system implied by the ceaseless turmoil of the twentieth century, domestic tension in all classes is likely to become more and more acute, and a professional peace-maker might well be appointed, just as there is now a public trustee. The police-court magistrate fulfils this function among our humbler classes; what is wanted is a person of equal authority for more cultured folk.



A SPORTING COSTUME.

The costume is in grey tweed with revers of black satin and smaller revers superimposed of white cloth, which can be buttoned across the chest for warmth. The tweed hat to match is trimmed with a pheasant-feather mount.



A WALKING COSTUME.

This is a neat walking costume in fine heather-mixture tweed, with the revers and cuffs faced with wine-coloured satin, and pipings of the same on the coat and skirt.

Barnard, British representative at Cape Town in 1806, and her letters from the Colony—admirably picturesque, brilliant, and humorous—are obviously the work of a born writer of books. As it was, she remained a great English lady in an alien land, making



## CITY NOTES.

"SKETCH" CITY OFFICES, 5, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C.

*The Next Settlement begins on Aug. 14.*

## DOG DAYS.

WITH political ferment abroad, labour agitations at home, and a nineteen-day account at hand, the Stock Exchange may well resign itself to the inevitable slackness of business befitting the season. Home Railway dividends are good, but they count for little against the fears of strikes and so on. The Yankee Market, outside the area of Moroccan and labour trouble, regains the position of greatest popularity in the House. Canadas are on the way to 260. The Rhodesian Market shows occasional sparks of animation, and apparently the list will be given a "run" as soon as the financial atmosphere becomes clearer in other directions.

## GILT-EDGED SECURITIES.

No doubt there will come a time when the whirligig of fashion will divert money once more into the gilt-edged market. Indeed, to buy many Colonial issues is already a matter of difficulty, even though the securities pay no more than  $3\frac{3}{4}$  per cent. on the money. All the same, the tendency is at present to boycott Consols and suchlike stocks of the very first rank, and to seek higher rates of interest from more speculative sources. Even the careful investor has got not only tired, but very suspicious, of Consols and their satellites, in consequence of the many years' fall which has taken place. People are frightened to buy the premier security of the world, for the simple reason that its quotation appears to do nothing but dwindle, so that what is gained in the matter of security is too often lost when it comes to the realisation of the investment. Jobbers in the Consol Market lament that nobody comes to buy their stock. This state of affairs has been brought about by that same apprehension to which we have just referred; and that it is likely to remain a haunting source of uneasiness must be patent to those who have watched the courses of the markets for the last decade or two.

## HOW INVESTMENT FASHION CHANGES.

The man who, having made money in his business, is content to retire and play golf for the rest of his life no longer puts the bulk of his capital into such stocks as he can sleep upon with the utmost calmness. Rather he will venture further afield and spread his money over a series of carefully selected investments paying between  $4\frac{1}{2}$  and  $5\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. That this course of action is not only reasonable but remunerative has been proved up to the hilt by the experience of the last ten years and more—a period during which the prices of foreign issues have appreciated steadily, whilst those of the Consol type have as consistently retrograded. It seems to us a perfectly sane and reasonable policy to pursue, and we should not hesitate to counsel its adoption so long as the choice of stocks is made carefully and judiciously. As we said before, no doubt the cycle of fashion will bring the gilt-edged stocks into favour some day, yet that day seems to be a long way off, and its advent would be hastened only by some catastrophic happening in the world at large—such as, for example, a huge war in which this country was not embroiled. This prospect, however, is perhaps so Arcadian that its likelihood may be thought outside the bounds altogether of practical politics.

## MORE FIVE PER CENT. STOCKS.

We find in our correspondence a continual request for sound 5 per cent. investments, and in addition to those which we have recently advised, the following may be given as good examples of their class, scattered over a wide range geographically and financially. Some of them have been included in our previous lists of investments, and they are now brought up to date as regards price and the yield to be obtained on the money—

	Dividend.	Price.	Dividends paid.	Yield p.c.
Anglo-American Telegraph Preferred	6	113 $\frac{1}{2}$	Quarterly	5 5 0
Chinese Government (Hukuang Railways)				
1911—issued at 100 $\frac{1}{2}$	5	2 $\frac{1}{2}$ pm.	June, Dec.	4 18 7
City of Moscow	5	103 $\frac{1}{2}$	March, Sept.	4 16 10
City of Pernambuco	5	95 $\frac{1}{2}$	May, Nov.	5 4 5
Japanese 1907	5	104 $\frac{1}{2}$	March, Sept.	4 15 8
Leopoldina Railway Preference	5 $\frac{1}{2}$	10 $\frac{1}{2}$	March, Sept.	5 1 2
Mexico—Trams 1st Mortgage Bonds (Common shares stand at 121)	5	96	March, Sept.	5 4 2
South African Breweries Preference (5 $\frac{1}{2}$ Ord. shares stand at 2 1-16)	5	19s. 6d.	June, Dec.	5 2 7

It will be noticed that the foregoing give a return of five per cent. on the money. Allowing for Income Tax, this brings the net yield down to  $4\frac{3}{4}$ , in addition to which, there is in most of the stocks a margin for steady capital appreciation—which every investor likes to feel exists in the stocks that he has bought.

## ANGLO-CONTINENTAL SUPPLY PREFERENCE.

When the prospectus came out not long ago for Anglo-Continental Supply 8 per cent. Preference shares of £5 each at par, we pointed out here the excellence of the investment which was being offered. There was a tremendous rush for the underwriting, and a substantial premium was paid in order to get hold of it. By one of those curious freaks of fortune which

pass the comprehension of most of us, this eagerness to underwrite was followed by remarkable lack of appreciation on the part of the public, which resulted in the underwriters being left with about 50 per cent. of their obligation. The price of the shares fell to  $4\frac{3}{4}$ , at which a strong financial group took them in hand. That their confidence and ours was fully justified may be seen in the fact that the price has risen in the last few days to  $5\frac{1}{2}$ , so that the original allottees—of which we hope there are many amongst our readers—can secure a good profit. This, however, we should say it would be indiscreet to do, unless the money were required for other purposes. For the shares, even at  $5\frac{1}{2}$ , are a sound investment of their class, and we look for them to advance to the neighbourhood of £6 a share. It may be added that the dividends are paid in May and November.

## NITRATE COMPANIES AND LAGUNAS SYNDICATE SHARES.

Our Correspondent "Q" writes under date, July 20—

I drew your readers' attention some months back to the greatly improved prospects of the Nitrate industry owing to the rapid increase of consumption; this has been followed by an advance in the price, which is now about 7s. 6d. per quintal, or about sixpence per quintal more than in 1910. All the companies which earned fair profits last year should do much better in this, and the following year, while others, whose cost of production is high, will again be making a fair return. Among the most promising shares to buy may be mentioned *Lagunas Syndicate*, *Liverpool Nitrate*, *Angela Nitrate*, *Salvador del Carmen*, and *Rosario*. The *Lagunas Syndicate* earned a net profit of £120,000 in its last financial year from about 1,300,000 quintals. At the current price, with the same amount dealt with, the profit should be £140,000. In the course of the next few months the Company is to be reconstructed, and for every forty shares shareholders will receive £100 of 5 per cent. Debentures, and 100 shares of £1 each nominal value. £60,000 is to be set aside annually for the service and redemption of the Debentures, which will suffice to pay them off in about thirteen years. £30,000 was set aside last year for this purpose, so that redemption will commence immediately, and these Debentures will consequently be worth par. The payment of a 10 per cent. dividend on the new shares would require a further £55,000, making £115,000 in all, less than the profit for last year, when the average price of the nitrate sold was 7s. 2d. It seems likely that these new shares, therefore, will also be worth about par, and we get the following result—

Cost of 40 Lagunas Syndicate shares at present price, £4	=	£160
To be exchanged for		
£100 of 5 per cent. Debenture stock, redeemable at par	=	£100
100 shares of £1 each: estimated value 20s.	=	£100
		£200

Or a profit of £1 per share, on the present price of the shares.

## STOCK EXCHANGE OPINIONS ON THE VETO BILL.

That it will be a very good thing to get the matter settled after so long a period of uncertainty and unrest.

\* \* \* \* \*

That it will be bad for Consols, because of the unlimited powers given to the House of Commons in matters of finance and taxation.

\* \* \* \* \*

That the whole question may be re-opened again when there is another change of Government.

\* \* \* \* \*

That the confidence of the investor in Home securities will suffer a further blow.

Saturday, July 22, 1911.

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the City Editor,  
The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

MAWLEY.—We think you must mean the Mexican Northern Power Company, which gave a bonus of 50 per cent. in Common shares to its subscribers.

MAMMON.—Straits (Bertam) Rubber shares are good to buy and hold. The Company is doing well and has plenty of stuff coming along. London Asiatics are also a good purchase. The third company has a big acreage and makes fine returns, but there is not much market in the shares.

VALLAMBROSA.—Should advise you to keep them as a speculative investment.

M.E.B.—Brighton Railway Preferred Stock, Midland Railway Preferred Stock, Grand Trunk Railway of Canada First Preference Stock.

THE THISTLE-ETNA GOLD MINES, LTD.—At the second annual general meeting, held on Thursday last at Winchester House, Dr. Hans Sauer, the Chairman of the Company, congratulated the shareholders upon the satisfactory results for the past year. The profit-and-loss account showed gold won—£43,974; and, after deducting working expenses, £37,575, there was a profit of £5399. Twenty claims had been purchased, and ten pegged during the year dealt with by the report, and since then 103 further claims had been pegged, making the total holding 372 mining claims, as compared with 239 at the close of the previous year. At the Etna Mine four levels had been partially opened up, exposing pay-ore averaging 9 to 11 dwt. over lengths of ore extending from 116 to 900 feet, with an exposed width of about  $2\frac{1}{2}$  feet. The Chairman pointed out that, although the average grade of ore milled on the Etna and Thistle Mines had been low, it is likely that in the near future, owing to the high-grade ore now being developed in the lowest levels, it will be possible to mill rock having a higher average value. It was very gratifying to note that the reef in the lowest point reached in the Mines—namely, the fourth level—was entirely satisfactory, and there was no reason to doubt its continuity in depth. The report was adopted.

## THE WOMAN-ABOUT-TOWN

**The Queen's Hats.** There are very many women who would find themselves indicted for *lèse majesté* under a rule less tolerant than our own for their criticisms on the Queen's hats. They fail to please the critics very decidedly, for they are not at all smart. As a matter of fact, the Queen has no love for fashion, and the hats of the day please her not at all, especially the big ones. Still, one would be glad if so charming a head, so well shaped and well poised, and so neat a coiffure of such pretty, bright, fair hair were more smartly crowned by pretty and up-to-date millinery. In the last reign there was a toque known as the Queen's toque that was quite in favour; the Queen's hats as we have seen them up to now are unlikely to secure any favour. Occasionally her Majesty does wear a smart and pretty hat, and then all the ladies are delighted. There is a side to the Queen's hats which shows a delightful aspect of the Queen's character: it is that she keeps to her old milliner, and does not depart from her own individual style. Yet, as I said, when we see the Queen without a hat, we feel that she looks so much more handsome, so much more stately, so much more graceful, that, being women, we have to blame the hats.

**A Court in an Old Palace.** There was something special about attending a Court at Holyrood. Few of those privileged to do so failed to give at least a thought or two to another Queen Mary who had reigned in that place, or to the short tenure of the young Chevalier and the ball that he gave in the picture-gallery wherein the Court was held. Naturally most



TO BE MARRIED ON AUG. 1.: MR. IRVINE CAMPBELL GEDDES AND MISS DOROTHY JEFFORD FOWLER.

Mr. Geddes is a director of the Orient Line, and his bride, Miss Dorothy Jefford Fowler, is the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Jefford Fowler. They are to be married on Tuesday next (Aug. 1).—[Photographs by Debenham.]

thoughts were directed to King George V., ruler of the greatest Empire the world of to-day knows, and to Queen Mary of to-day, happy in possession of a good king and husband, a splendid family, and the confidence and affection of a great and united nation. The Scotch Peeresses put their best frocks foremost for this event—an example followed by Scotch ladies generally. The dresses were really beautiful, and the jewels superb. The tall, fair Duchess of Hamilton, as the Premier Peeress of Scotland, passed first, for here there is no diplomatic circle. Her dress and train were pink and diamond jewellery, and she wore most lovely jewels. The Duchess of Buccleuch was in mauve moiré, shot and brocaded with silver, and a train of shirred mauve chiffon. Her jewels were magnificent diamonds and pearls. Few finer jewels were seen than the opals and diamonds worn by Lady Gilmour of Montrave. There was a high hair-ornament, a magnificent necklet, earrings, and corsage ornaments of opals, such as are rarely seen now, set with beautiful diamonds, some of them of fine size. The dress, too, was lovely. It was of lavender-blue satin, embroidered in tapering leaf-design, with silks in opalescent colour veined with brilliants, while the whole gown was draped with superb old Brussels point lace. The train was of miroir velvet of the same colour, bordered all round with embroidery in similar leaves, having the opalescent colouring—green and blue and pink and flame—with a diamond line up the centre of each. On the train were fleur-de-lis shaped leaves to correspond, and the lining was of opal shot moiré.

**A Royal Garden-Party in an Old Garden.** Holyrood Palace Garden is not so very extensive, and it is more filled with wonderful associations than with flowers. Still, the turf fulfils the directions of the old-fashioned gardener asked by an

American how to accomplish lawns like those of the palace he was gardener at. "Quite simple, Sir. You just cuts regular, and rolls and rolls for a few hundred years, and that's all." There is a curious sundial in the gardens called Queen Mary's, but it was really erected to the order of Charles II. There were many human flowers in that old garden on Thursday, among whom the King and Queen moved about, her Majesty in a blush-pink dress and wearing a very pretty and quite a smart hat, which was a mass of white ostrich-plumes. The Marchioness of Tweeddale, always a fine presence, looked very handsome in a gown of painted chiffon over silver, the design of pale blue and pink roses. A black Tagal straw hat with rose-coloured ostrich-plumes and a pale pink parasol completed the costume. The Duchess of Buccleuch wore black gauze de Chambéry over white satin, and a black and silver bonnet trimmed with white ostrich-feathers. The Duchess of Hamilton was in flowered muslin with a pretty, flower-trimmed hat. One might write reams of description of pretty dresses. They added greatly to the beauty of an historic scene in a place of many and most varied memories.



THE CONNOISSEUR CONNOISING: MR. H. M. BATEMAN'S IDEAL VISITOR TO HIS EXHIBITION OF HUMOROUS DRAWINGS.

This is from the invitation-card by I. H. M. Bateman for his private view of original satires and caricatures on exhibition at the Brook Street Art Gallery (14, Brook Street, New Bond Street). The exhibition remains open until the last day of the month, next Monday.

### The Actors' Church Union Café Chantant.

The Actors' Church Union scored a great success last week with their very attractive Café Chantant, held at the Kensington Town Hall. The programme, which was under the direction of Mr. Arthur J. Coke, was most interesting. It may seem invidious to select any names where all who took part were of high excellence, but among those who gave their services were Mr. Henry Ainley, Mme. Alice Esty, Miss Phyllis Broughton, Mr. Malcolm Scott, Miss Helen Mar, and Little Dorothy Fovargue, a clever child toe-dancer, whose "Two Dances of the Year 1840" were received with the most gratifying recognition. The Actors' Church Union are to be congratulated on having provided an exceptionally pleasant entertainment, which, it may be hoped, has proved as profitable as it certainly was enjoyable.

A demonstration with "Pyrene," a new fire-extinguisher, was given last week at Ranelagh. "Pyrene" is a liquid put up in a small double-acting pump or container, of three inches diameter, fourteen inches long, weighing full five pounds. So volatile is it that on coming into contact with fire it is instantly transformed into a non-poisonous gas which extinguishes the fire.



"PYRENE" SAVING A MOTOR-CAR ON FIRE.

A motor-car was on fire at Ranelagh during the County Polo Week. It was purposely drenched in petrol and set fire to, so as to test the new extinguisher, "Pyrene." The flames blazed up fiercely, but were got under quickly, while two passengers who had stayed in the car were ready, they said, to face a second experiment.



PUTTING OUT A BLAZING FIRE OF COTTON WASTE SOAKED WITH PETROL BY MEANS OF "PYRENE."

Among the experiments were some with cotton waste soaked in petrol and a trail of petrol on the ground. It cut down the flames like grass with a scythe. It is claimed that "Pyrene" does not age nor freeze, and can put out any electric short-circuit fire. In America the National Board of Underwriters have approved of it and its container.



## THE COUNTY GENTLEMAN.

THE countryside is enjoying just now the one public function in which the agricultural labourer, his wife, and his little ones may play a prominent part. Our annual fruit and flower show is no more than one of the hundreds that are held throughout the length and breadth of the land, but it is established on such sound lines that it demands more than local attention. At many of these annual shows the awards are for nothing more than fruit, flowers, and vegetables; here the scope of competition is considerably enlarged. While those of us who can keep a gardener may send in, we do not receive prizes—they are limited to the agricultural labourer. It is his collection of potatoes and peas, beans and currants, raspberries, lettuces, and the rest, that enter into competition; we do no more than endeavour to show what may be done in certain directions, and contribute something to increase the value of the prizes. Then, too, the wives of the labourers compete with their home-made bread and new-laid eggs, and the children with their needlework, while there are prizes for the best arrangement of flowers and the best floral decorations for the table. Apart from sports and roundabouts, there is a bee-tent in which the mysteries of the hive are explained by men whom bees will not sting, and there is a demonstration of the many ways in which the vegetables most in demand may be cooked in attractive and economical fashion. Both the allotment gardens of the labourers and the gardens attached to their cottages are inspected by the judges in the week before the show, and there are prizes for the men and women who can show the best results.

It is not very easy for the man whose working hours start at six in the morning and close at the same hour in the evening to give much time to his gardening; but when the full summer comes along, it is no uncommon sight to see the work in the gardens going briskly at an hour when it is too dark to see clearly, or to find it in full swing at five o'clock in the morning, before the dew is off the grass. The element of competition enters very strongly into the life of our village just now, with the result that the gardens and allotments are looking at their best. Even this year, when the long dry spell has made gardening so difficult, and the question of an adequate water-supply has been a very serious one, the gardens have been a credit to their owners, and the standard of the fruit and vegetables that will be judged this week is a very high one. I know a very hard-working horseman on a farm across the valley who, in addition to tending his garden, his allotment, and his bees, makes the rent of his cottage and vegetable-ground from the spare time he contrives to

devote to the gardens of neighbours less skilled than himself. He is assisted by his son or he would not be able to get through, but the amount of work he does is remarkable, for he must be in the stables at five o'clock in the morning, and when he takes his team home at two o'clock he must groom the horses of which he is so proud. And he has Sunday labour too, for the shepherd, the stockman, and the horseman work seven days a week. It comes as a shock to remember that there are men and women whose working days in the year are three hundred and sixty-five, and whose regular amusement consists of the afternoon and evening that they give to the annual fruit and flower show. Happily, the life is an extremely healthy one, they seldom ail, and if they have any trouble at all it takes the form of rheumatism; they live to a ripe old age and find life worth living. "I'll be seventy come December," said one of them to me a little while ago, "and then I'll draw my pension and live like a gentleman." He went on to say that he would give his time to the garden of the son with whom he lives, and would look after the allotment and the bees. I am quite sure that he will be doing a very good day's work for many years to come. To one who can recollect the time when agricultural wages were eight shillings a week, the old-age pension spells comparative affluence.

Unfortunately, this is not a perfect world, nor is ours a perfect village, and the competition for the prizes of the annual show is not always harmless. I heard last year of a man who was working desperately hard to take a prize for his scarlet runners, and had every reason to expect he would be successful. Two mornings before the time for sending in he came down to find that his garden had been visited in the night and the precious beans nipped off and left upon the ground. All had been well at nine o'clock when he went to bed, and at five o'clock in the morning the damage had been done. He, being a clever man in his way, looked carefully for foot-prints and found some, but they were those of a child. It would seem that one of his rivals had sent a little lad to do the damage. There was a dog at the gate on a chain, but entrance had been made by way of the hedge at the far end of the garden. It is said that the man who took the prize was responsible, but nothing could be done, for the suspicion lacked confirmation. It was an odd and unpleasant reminder that, even in the heart of the country, amid surroundings that should do so much to encourage good-will and friendliness, there is room for envy, malice, and treachery. Happily, such events are rare, the general tone of the countryside is healthy enough; but I noticed that the house dog is not on his chain these days. He has the run of the garden, and there has been no further attempt to interfere with its owner's harvest.

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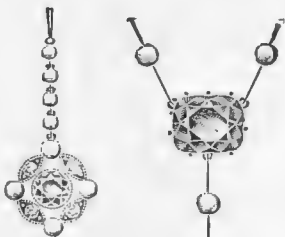
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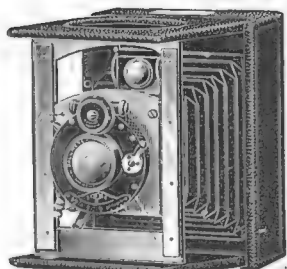
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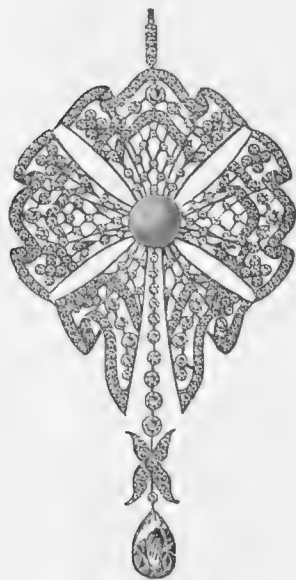


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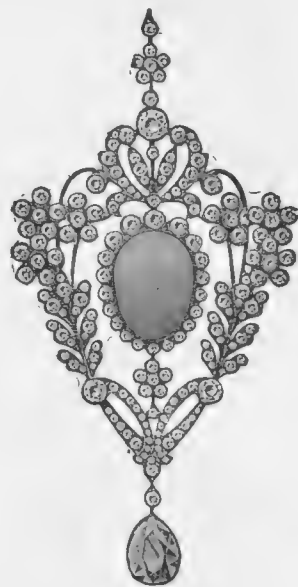
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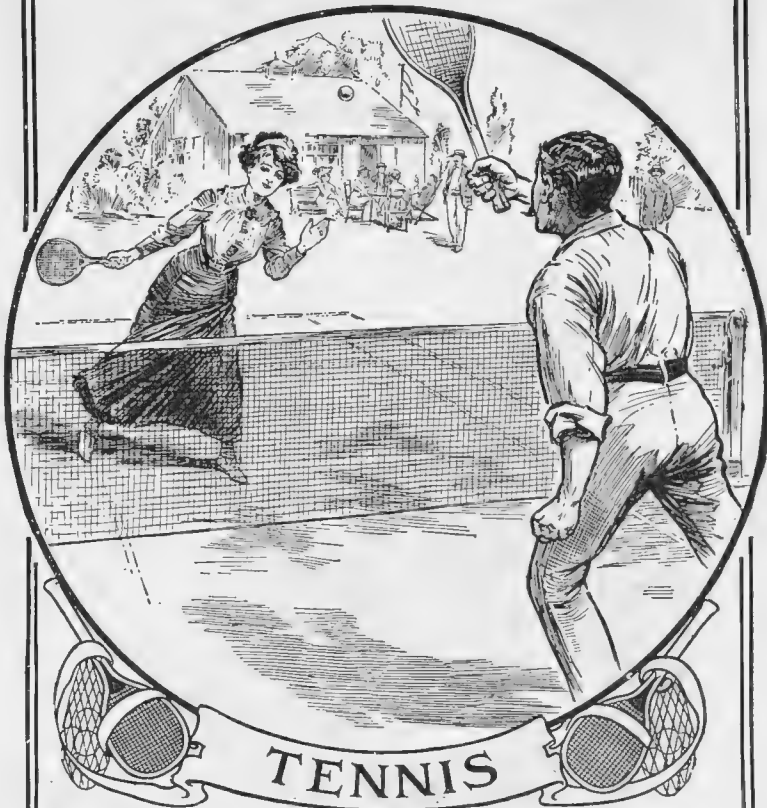
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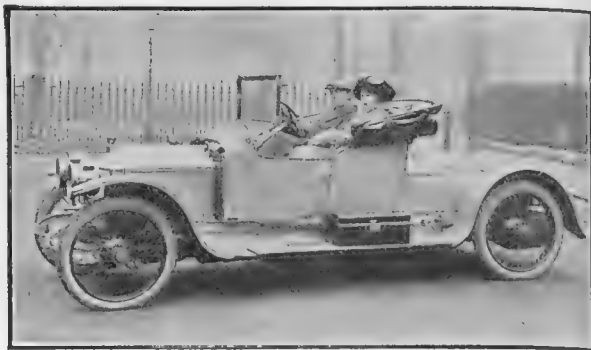
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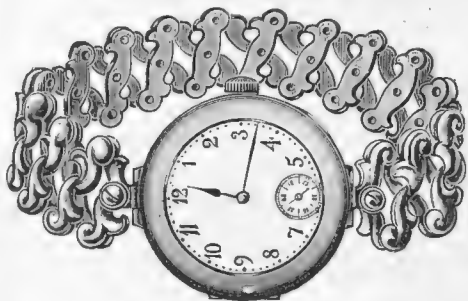
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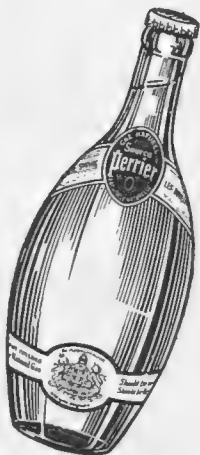
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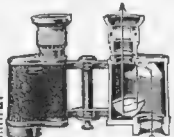
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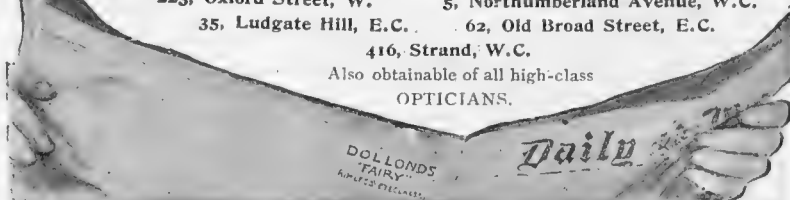
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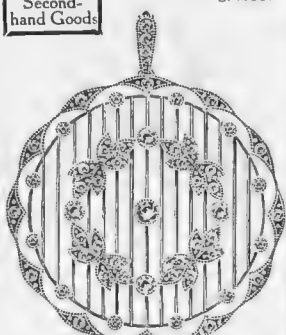
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(Continued.)

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**How to Enter the Motor Industry.** The Institution of Automobile Engineers is taking steps in connection with apprenticeship to the motor industry which are an example to many of the older and more important institutions of the kind. In apprenticing or articling a boy to any craft or industry, those responsible are met with various difficulties which they hardly know how to overcome. There is the question of the boy's fitness for the particular path in life; also the advisability of attaching to any one particular firm, and many other things which must prove bewildering to the uninitiated. Also the practice with regard to the admission to works of learners in vogue with various firms was hard to come at. Recognising the difficulties which surrounded the matter, the Institution of Automobile Engineers, by the courtesy of the manufacturers, has collated much useful information with regard thereto, and this information will be placed at the disposal of parents and guardians seeking advice, so assuredly saving them much time, trouble, and expense, and sometimes disappointment. In counselling applicants it is to be hoped that the officials of the Institution will discountenance the premium gentleman pupil to the uttermost.

**No Speed-Limit in France.** The speed-limit in France—which was less than ours, namely, thirty kilometres per hour; or to be exact in English, 18.63 miles per hour, is to be swept away, and all responsibility for accidents, however occurring, placed upon the driver. It is, of course, not difficult for the French to abrogate this absurd restriction. They as a nation have been gifted with the saving grace of common-sense, and have never enforced the speed limit, much less seized upon it as a means of swelling local funds, promoting policemen, and indulging a splanetic prejudice. A very

good confrère naïvely asks why the speed-limit should not be abolished here—why not trust the motorist, and so on and so on. There is no question of trusting the motorist or any desire to treat him fairly. He has become an object of plunder pure and simple, a vein of wealth to be worked for the benefit of local funds, funds to which he is still weak enough to contribute money in the shape of fees for registration and licenses. While the motorist can be made profitable to Town and County Councils, there will be no question of wiping out the speed-limit.

**Perfect Road Order.** According to the Code de la Route, which, by the time these lines see the light, may have become law in France, it would appear that the rule of the road, as practised in this country, is to obtain amongst our Gallic friends across the Channel. For some weeks thereafter the traffic upon the French roads will approach demoralisation, and it will be necessary for motorists touring them to realise that at any moment the mind of the French driver, wagoner, or cattle-tender may throw back, and cause him to use the highway as "his Daddy used to do." If M. Louis Barthou's Code de la Route really comes into force, road-using in France will become paradisiacal, for very clear, concise, and strict regulations deal with the descriptions of traffic which have hitherto made free with the road.

### The A.A. Again in the Van.

There is no doubt, at least in the minds of those who use the roads, that the absence of rear-lights from cycles is a potential source of danger to their riders when travelling at night. For some time past the executive committee of the Automobile Association has had this matter under serious consideration, and has come to the conclusion that the universal adoption of Reflex Lights by cyclists would greatly minimise the discomfort, annoyance, and danger which appertain to cycling after dark. By trials already carried out, Reflex Lights have proved themselves to be a most efficient safeguard, and for some time past these useful ruby discs have been in use on every bicycle ridden by the Association's patrols in the pursuit of their valuable and greatly appreciated work. With a view, therefore, of encouraging the use of these Reflex Lights, and in a way holding out the hand of good fellowship to cyclists, the Association has placed an order with an English firm for no less than 10,000 of these lights, which will, in accordance with arrangements to be presently promulgated, be distributed free of cost to individual cyclists. This offer is made by the Association in the most friendly spirit, and the hope that it will be so regarded by the large body of British wheelmen, who, with motorists, are co-heirs of the Road.

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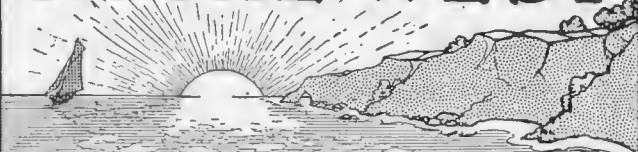
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# CONTENTS.

Amongst the contents of this number, in addition to the customary features and comic drawings, will be found illustrations dealing with the Green-Eyed Monster à la Japonaise; Elephantine Ablutions; the Rock of Damocles; "Il Segreto di Susanna," at Covent Garden; M. Bakst's Designs for Costumes; At the Races; Peas-blossom, Cobweb, or Mustard Seed? Miss Lily Elsie; Miss Pauline Chase; Miss Winifred Emery in "Pomander Walk"; the Crown Princess of Roumania; the Jeu de Graces.

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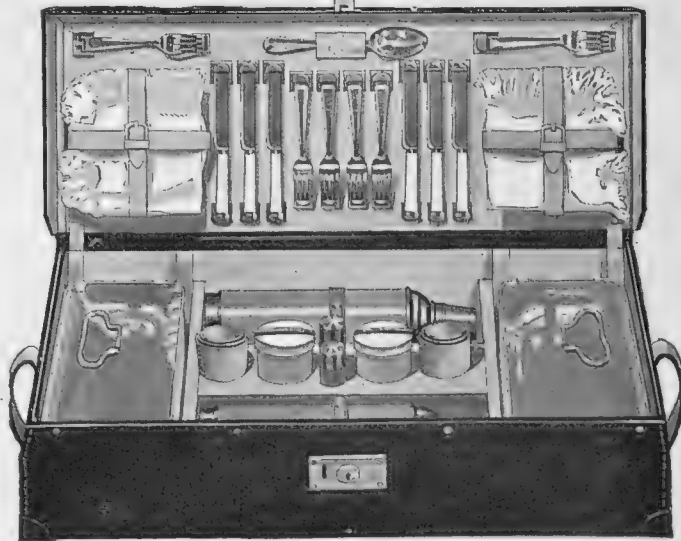
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"Until the Day  
Breaks."By A. KNIGHT HUNT.  
(*Simpkin, Marshall.*)Autumn's dead leaves all around me,  
Tossed and eddied by the wind,  
Teach a lesson most profoundly  
Touching to a thoughtful mind . . .

That is how Miss Hunt begins her story, and it is certainly matter of regret to "the thoughtful mind" that doggerel and piety should have had so much to say to each other through the long Victorian era. Miss Hunt herself is very early Victorian in manner; it needs an occasional glance at the title-page to correct a suspicion that this is one of that numerous group of improving tales for youth which began with "Little Henry and His Bearer," and closed with "The Wide, Wide World." Young men and maidens, old men and children speak in that strange convention of thought known as the Tract. Here is a dialogue between a handsome *rusée* brunette and Jack Turner, who is the veritable hero of the "Wide, Wide World" awaking in the twentieth century like another Rip Van Winkle. "Oh, Mr. Turner, this brown bread-and-butter is quite delicious! You *must* have some," languished Miss Hartley. "Thanks, I never take it, as I prefer white, although I have heard that the brown contains the more nourishment." [This is modern innovation. John would certainly have eaten brown, while giving beautiful reasons for the choice.] "Is that so?" replied Miss H. "Personally, I take no interest in these kind of things." "Probably your interest is fixed upon more important matters. Are you a Suffragist?" queried Jack mischievously. "Never is Jack so heavy as when mischievous. Here is Jack consoling his uncle, whom he found in an agony of grief for the beloved wife, fast dying in the next room. "Hush, Uncle! Don't take on so. One has to face these things sooner or later in life, and although jolly hard, it is our duty to look upon such bereavements submissively. Doubtless these trials are tests, and remind us of the existence of an Unseen Power, against whose will neither doctor's skill nor earth's gold can avail. You know, as we all do, that it is well with our dear aunt. Hers has been a patternly life of unselfishness, and she will receive a due reward from a just Judge." The story is by no means free from an unpleasant love-making peculiar to its ancient class—the wooing of children by grown men. When Jack's *protegée*, at the age of sixteen, decided on suicide, she took a blue bottle with a red label from the housekeeper's sitting-room. "It was a suggestive temptation to a broken-hearted child, although she had no right to take it—it was stealing—yet she hoped for eventual forgiveness when all

was over; she had never taken aught before." Whether Miss Prim bore her a grudge for the theft when they saw her "distorted features and stiff body" does not transpire. If such things must be, let us have the Corellian touch which hangs its victim in a silken sash sown with daisies.

"In Search of  
Egeria,"By W. L. COURTNEY.  
(*Chapman and Hall.*)

the evanescence of beauty, concludes with—

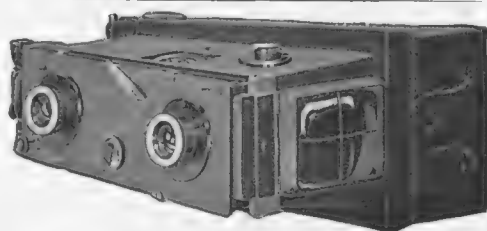
The amorous hero of Mr. W. L. Courtney's delicately flavoured episodes meets his friend one day with great delight on account of some verses by a Reverend Cornelius Whur which he had discovered. One stanza, after deploring

On firmer ties his joys depend,  
Who has a polished female friend.

Maurice Westerton and his confidant who discloses confidences shamelessly, as confidants always do if they are literary, are highly polished male friends. They cannot meet for the most frivolous *causerie* without delightfully dragging in Aristotle or Nietzsche or G. K. Chesterton. A quite charming dissertation on Sappho frames one amour; and the crudest of them is refined by a pervasive mist of philosophy. Maurice is a middle-aged, well-read Anatol, who searches for his Egeria, much as coarser people hunt the slipper, for the joy of pouncing on the wrong person. He may be assured of sympathy from those who look on at the game as he plays it, whether landing at Liverpool like the Spartan boy, with his diva's toy-terrier beneath his waistcoat ("good temper was not the dog's forte, and his teeth were sharp"), or mourning at the grave of Miriam Lucy, who taught him that "prayer is not resignation, but a definite act—the summing-up of the Christian life in a specific performance." A bad memory, which maintained his youth and freshness—"for it is too vivid a memory which makes us grow old; and the more we remember, the sadder, alas! we grow," as his friend remarks—with an omnivorous taste in femininity which ensured variety in his experiments, peculiarly fitted Maurice as a literary Lovelace. College men both, they are not above a good story to season their philosophy, like that of Professor Jowett's answer to an undergraduate of Balliol who had approached him with a declaration of disbelief in a Divinity: "that the young man must find a God before the evening, or else he would have to go down." In such manner a pleasant summer afternoon may drift down the sky, and if the sunset grow pensive with marriage shadows, at least poor Maurice was a dog who had had a calendar of days.

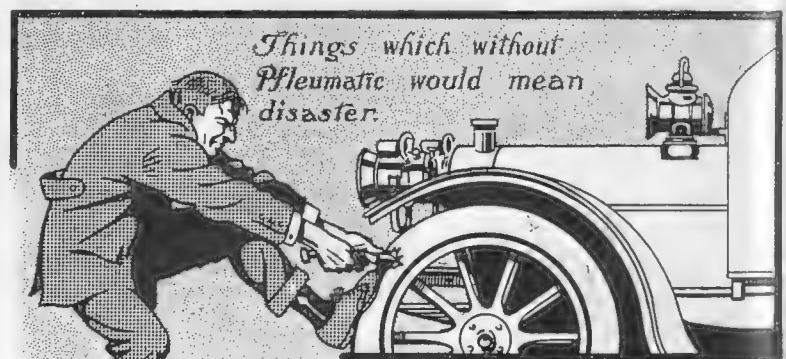
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Simply address your letter to Evelyn Ellison, Dept. 25, Evelyn House, Oxford St., London, W., and don't send any money, because particulars are free, as this charming woman is doing her utmost to benefit girls and women in need of secret information, which will add to their beauty and make life sweeter and lovelier in every way.

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Important Events of Life.



Attention of the mystically inclined seems to be centred at present upon the work of Mr. Clay Burton Vance, who, although laying claim to no special gift of supernatural powers, attempts to reveal the lives of people through the slender clue of birth-dates. The undeniable accuracy of his delineations leads one to surmise that heretofore palmists, prophets, astrologers, and seers of divers beliefs have failed to apply the true principles of the science of divination.

It is not to be denied that astrologers have excited the interest of enlightened people of all ages, but there have been many earnest thinkers reluctant to accept the theories of the ancient Chaldean science. One can only judge the potency of the science of Astrology by a personal application of its principles. To have all the cardinal events of your life spread out before you; to read an undeviating description of your true character, habits, and inclinations, is proof positive that the mighty power that shaped the universe and set the hands on the dial of time to mark the destiny of man has not left us without the means through which we may know ourselves, through which we may fathom the mysteries of life. Asked to explain the method by which he gives his delineations, Mr. Vance replied: "I have simply resurrected an ancient science and moulded it into a key to human nature."

The following letters are published as evidence of Mr. Vance's ability. Mr. Lafayette Redditt writes: "My Reading received. With the greatest amazement I read, as step by step you outlined my life since infancy. I have been somewhat interested along these lines for years, but had no idea that such priceless advice could be given. I must admit that you are indeed a very remarkable man, and am glad you use your great gift to benefit your clients."

Mr. Fred Walton writes: "I did not expect such a splendid outline of my life. The scientific value of your Readings cannot be fully appreciated until one has his own Reading. To consult you means success and happiness."

Arrangements have been made to give free test Readings to all readers of "The Sketch," but it is especially requested that those who wish to avail themselves of this generous offer make application at once. If you wish a delineation of your own life, if you wish a true description of your characteristics, talents, and opportunities, simply send your full name, the date, month, and year of your birth, and also state whether Mr., Mrs., or Miss. Send your letter to Mr. Clay Burton Vance, Suite 180, No. 14, Rue de Richelieu, Paris, France. If you wish, you may enclose 6d. (stamps of your own country), to pay postage, clerical work, etc. Please note that 2d. postage is required on letters posted to France.



## AUGUST BANK HOLIDAY RAILWAY ARRANGEMENTS.

THE London and South Western Railway, "The Royal Road for Rest and Recreation," as it has been called, offers trips across the Channel via Southampton by the new daylight service to Normandy, or to the Channel Islands, and St. Malo for Brittany; a run to the North Cornish Coast, where, five hours from Waterloo, the visitor enjoys the invigorating Atlantic breezes, to Dartmoor, and North and East Devon; also to the Dorset coast (Swanage, Weymouth, Lyme Regis), to Bournemouth and the New Forest and the Isle of Wight. Additional attractions for the Bank Holiday include 14-day tickets to Paris, via Havre and Rouen on Aug. 3, 4, 5, and 7, and special trips on Sunday, Aug. 6 to Exeter, Plymouth and North Devon. Superintendent Holmes, of Waterloo Station, will send all information on request.

By the Great Northern, holiday-makers have brought within easy reach Cromer, Sheringham, Skegness, and Mablethorpe, fashionable Woodhall Spa and Harrogate, Scarborough, Bridlington, and Whitby, with the moors near at hand and, at most places, fine golf links. On Friday, Aug. 4, excursions up to seventeen days run to Edinburgh, Aberdeen, Glasgow, Fort William, with corridor carriages and light refreshments. On Saturday, 5th, a daylight, corridor, eight or sixteen day excursion runs to Edinburgh and Glasgow. The popular non-stop excursions to Skegness run on Sunday, Bank Holiday, Tuesday, and Thursday. Friday to Tuesday tickets will be extended to Wednesday, and Saturday to Monday tickets to Tuesday. Programmes may be obtained of Superintendent Hills, King's Cross Station.

The Great Central put forward their special A B C programme offering facilities to over three hundred towns and holiday resorts in the Midlands,

Yorkshire, Lancashire, and North of England. Special trains leave Marylebone Friday, Saturday, Sunday, and Monday, Aug. 4, 5, 6, and 7, equipped with restaurant-cars. Nearer home are excursions to picturesque and historic places in Middlesex, Herts, and Bucks, with their old-world villages, breezy heights, and peaceful vales. Special cheap fares are in operation for both walker and cyclist. Write to, or ask at, Marylebone Station, or the Publicity Department, 216, Marylebone Road.

The South-Eastern and Chatham are issuing, amid a wealth of other attractions, special excursion tickets to Paris from Charing Cross at 10 a.m. and 2.20 p.m. on Aug. 3, 4, 6, and 7, and at 10 a.m. and 2.50 p.m. on Saturday, Aug. 5; also by the night mail at 9 p.m., returning at 8.25 a.m., 3.5 p.m., or 9.15 p.m. within fourteen days. Cheap fourteen-day tickets to Brussels by the Calais, Boulogne, and Ostend routes will be issued from Aug. 2 to 7. Cheap return tickets for eight days will be issued from Aug. 2 to 7 inclusive, to Holland by the Queenborough-Flushing route, and to all parts of Belgium and France. At home week-end tickets will be issued available by express to numerous popular resorts. Cheap day excursions on Bank Holiday will run from London stations to the beauty spots of Kent and Sussex on land and by the sea, and to the Festival of Empire at the Crystal Palace.

Return tickets at reduced fares, available for fourteen days, will be issued by the Great Eastern to Brussels via Harwich and Antwerp. Passengers leaving London in the evening reach Brussels comfortably next morning. For Holland, by the Hook of Holland route, carriages and restaurant-cars run to The Hague and Amsterdam, or you can go by the German express trains to Cologne, Bâle, Hamburg, Halle (for the Hartz Mountains), and Berlin. Danish Mail packets leave Harwich for Denmark Friday, Aug. 4, and next day. The General Steam Navigation Company's steamers leave Harwich for Hamburg Wednesday (Aug. 2) and Saturday (Aug. 5), and the Swedish Royal Mail steamers for Gothenburg on Saturday (Aug. 5).

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**Frame made entirely of Aluminium** (Weight 5 ounces).

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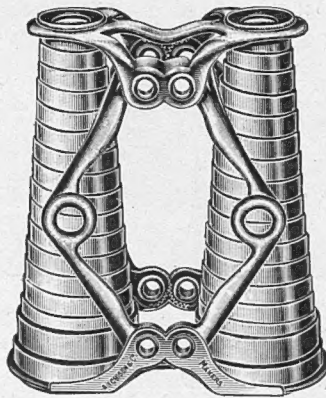
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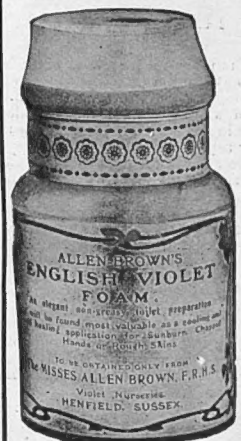


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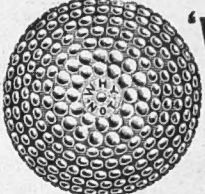
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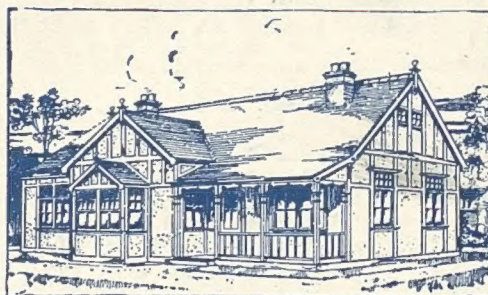
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